

The Sketch

No. 920.—Vol. LXXI.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



THE DIVINE GREAT-GRANDMOTHER: MME. SARAH BERNHARDT; HER SON, M. MAURICE BERNHARDT; HER SON'S DAUGHTER, MME. EDGARD GROSS; AND MME. GROSS'S BABY.

The divine Sarah is a great-grandmother! Think of it! It is indeed a remarkable fact, for Sarah Bernhardt retains her youth in wonderful manner, and her voice has lost none of its golden quality. This, again, Londoners are to have opportunity to prove, and already the booking for Mm^{rs}. Bernhardt's appearances at the Coliseum, which begin on Monday next, are huge. The great actress is to appear in the second act of "L'Aiglon." Thus, at the age of sixty-six, she will play a lad of nineteen; and not only will she play the part, but she will certainly look it.—[Photographs by Bert and Reutlinger.]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

By KEBLE HOWARD
(" Chicot ").

more or less, and they expect the English to do it. If an Irishman does anything wrong it is "lovable"; if an Englishman does anything wrong he is a black-hearted beast. A Scotchman is allowed to be canny, an Irishman to be wild, and a Welshman to be sly, but the poor Englishman may be nothing more interesting than "plodding." I protest against this rank injustice.

Cruel Treatment of Stage Servants.

Stage conventions die hard, especially in England. Give an actor a letter or document, and I will tell you within a few seconds the very moment when, holding it in his left hand, he will slap it with his right. Why do they do that? I have put the question to intelligent, thoughtful actors of my acquaintance. They could not tell me. They did not do it, they said, in private life, but they could not help doing it on the stage. Another convention, in "Society" plays, is to speak rudely and roughly to the servants. I think certain players have a latent notion that this denotes very high breeding. In a West-End theatre the other night I heard an actress of great experience say to her maid, "You can go to bed." The maid had done nothing to annoy her; indeed, that was the first and last we saw or heard of the wretched maid. The line had no significance; the lady was not supposed to be "upset" or irritable. But the tone in which the words were uttered made me jump. I expected the maid to throw a flower-pot at her mistress or give notice on the spot. Bless your heart, she took it like a dog. That is another stage convention; the servants creep to and fro, scarcely daring to breathe. This must be delicious for the players, especially those who spend the greater part of the day cringing to their real maids or to landladies.

No More Double Chins.

A writer in one of my daily papers has discovered how to get rid of a double chin. This is a very important discovery, and the remedy cannot be too widely known. Moreover, it costs nothing. You begin by breathing deeply; then, "while the lungs are filled to the fullest extent, the disfiguring double chin is to receive ten sharp blows with the back of the hand, and is to be struck sharply enough to make the tears come. This is to be done twice"—making, you see, twenty sharp blows with the back of the hand in all—"and if practised daily it is said the slapping exercise will take off the fraction of an ounce of flesh each day." I should like to point out that this splendid cure has the additional advantage of making for renewed happiness in the home. "Mid-Channel," when double chins begin to come, will cease to be a dangerous period in married life if it is understood at the outset that the husband and wife have the privilege of dealing each other twenty sharp blows on the chin each morning. Little overnight differences will vanish in gleams of sunlight. The woman with the sparest chin will be the woman with the kindest, most painstaking husband and the happiest home. If she does not feel equal to returning the favour with full measure, she can easily arrange with a pugilist to step round for half-an-hour each morning.

A Kindly Offer.

A Highbury lady writes: "I am a bit of an invalid at times, and most of my friends live rather a long way off. I have a lovely home, and am well-to-do. If you know of one or two gentlewomen who need a friend, perhaps you would kindly think about me." I print this extract to show once again how much goodness and kindness there is in the world, despite all the hard things that are said of it. I only wish I could put the still anonymous "Bachelor Girl" in communication with my Highbury correspondent.

"Miseries of Caravanning."

I threatened last week to administer further reproof to the author of an article that appeared in a daily paper, entitled "Miseries of Caravanning." My impassioned defence of oil-stoves exhausted both my space and my energy; let me now return to the matter with fresh vigour and a whole page, if that should be necessary, at my disposal. "The uninitiated idealist," continues the Helpless One, "imagines that the caravanner calls at casual farms and collects chickens, butter, eggs, vegetables, honey, etc. One may call at a dozen farms without being able to purchase a chicken, or, if such an animal can by chance be obtained, it proves itself to be a yard and a half of feathered skin and bone fresh from the yard where its neck has just been wrung." The helplessness displayed in this little outburst seems to me pitiful in the extreme. All the goods that you mention, dear lady, with the exception of honey, may be obtained without fail at "casual farms," but you must not apply for them in a casual manner. A self-respecting farmer's wife pays no heed to demands; a polite request receives at once her polite attention. Believe me, she has no need of your patronage: she knows precisely where to place her chickens, her butter, and her eggs each week. You, on the other hand, stand in urgent need of her goodwill. If you are wise, you will approach as a suppliant.

For Lack of a Chicken-Berry.

It is quite true, of course, that the chicken has to be killed before it is eaten. For the sake of Helpless One, I could wish that Nature had provided a sort of cold roast chicken-berry, that might be plucked from the hedges all ready to eat. Failing that, I do not see that there is any hope for her. She must be content with the ordinary farmyard chicken or stay at home. Out of sheer kindness, however, let me tell her two ways of avoiding tough chicken; one is to make a fearful mental effort in the morning, so that the neck of the chicken may be wrung at least twelve hours before dinner; the other is to butter the chicken all over, place it in a paper bag, screw the bag up tightly, and then pop the whole parcel into the oven. "Caravanning," concludes the Helpless One, "from a woman's point of view, is an immensely overrated pleasure. However good a manager she may be, she has all the drudgery and very little of anything else." "However good a manager she may be" is really delightful after the little examples I have given of Helpless One's helplessness. In the well-managed caravan party, of course, everyone takes his or her share of the work and does it. The cooking, by the way, generally falls to one of the men. Selfish creatures, men. They insist on making certain of their dinner.

The Dull Englishman.

I have received from Mr. Coulson Kernahan's publishers a copy of his latest book; it is entitled "Dreams Dead Earnest and Half Jest." Among many charmingly written essays I discover one devoted to "The Impossible Irishman." Mr. Kernahan—himself, of course, an Irishman—says: "Yes, we are an impossible race, the most wrong-headed, right-hearted nation . . . created for the confounding of British statesmen and the rest of the world generally." Speaking as an Englishman, I strongly object to the Irish calmly labelling themselves "an impossible race." Why should they be impossible any more than the English? What right have they to be impossible? It is very convenient, no doubt, to be impossible. Whatever you do must be excused; it must be put down to your impossibility. Let an Englishman attempt to kick about and make a fuss as the Irish love to do—would there, do you suppose, be any excuse for him? Not a bit of it. The Irish have appointed the dear, dull, sedate English to keep them in order,

MISS IVY GORDON-LENNOX TO MARRY EARL WINTERTON?



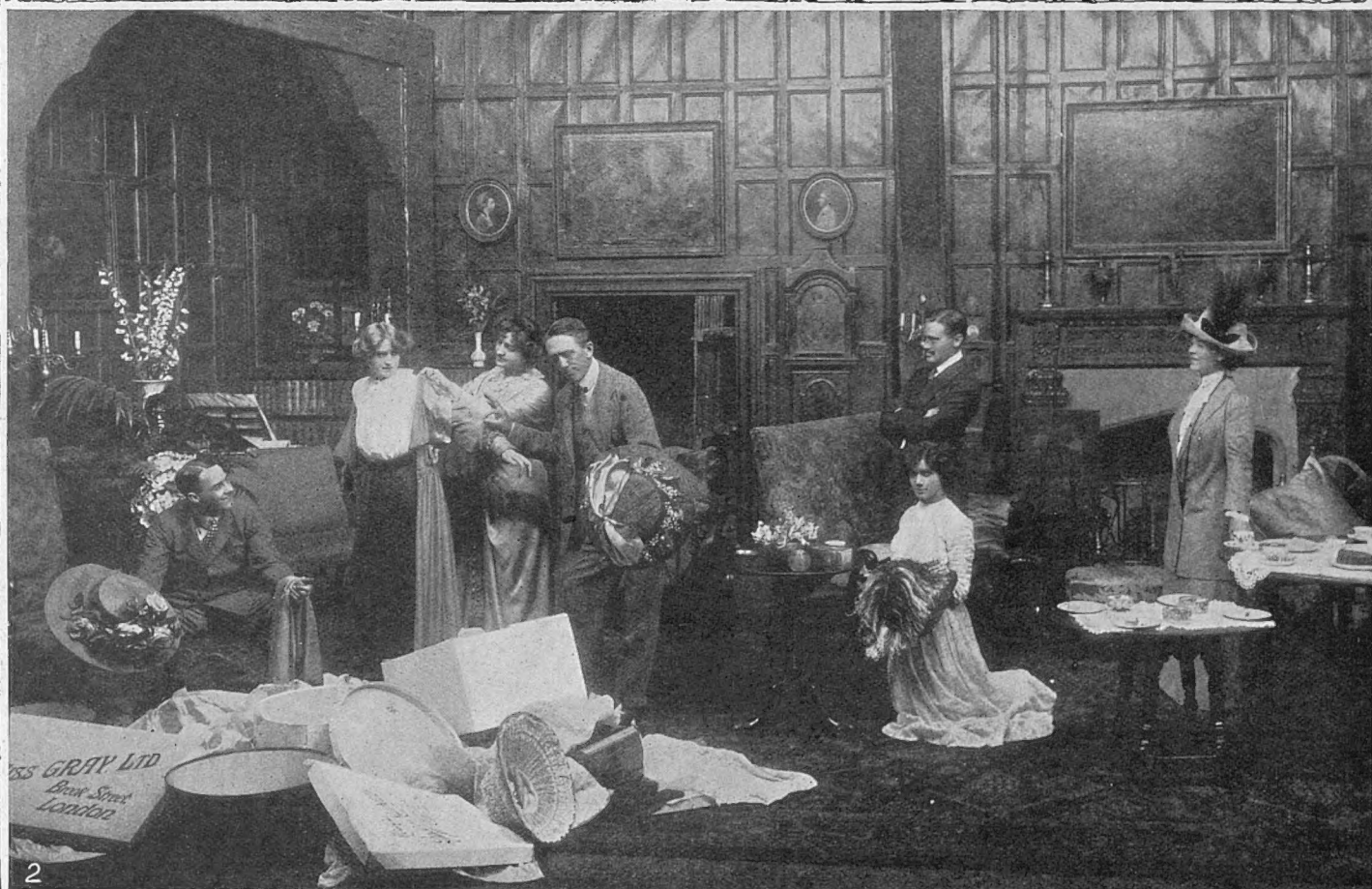
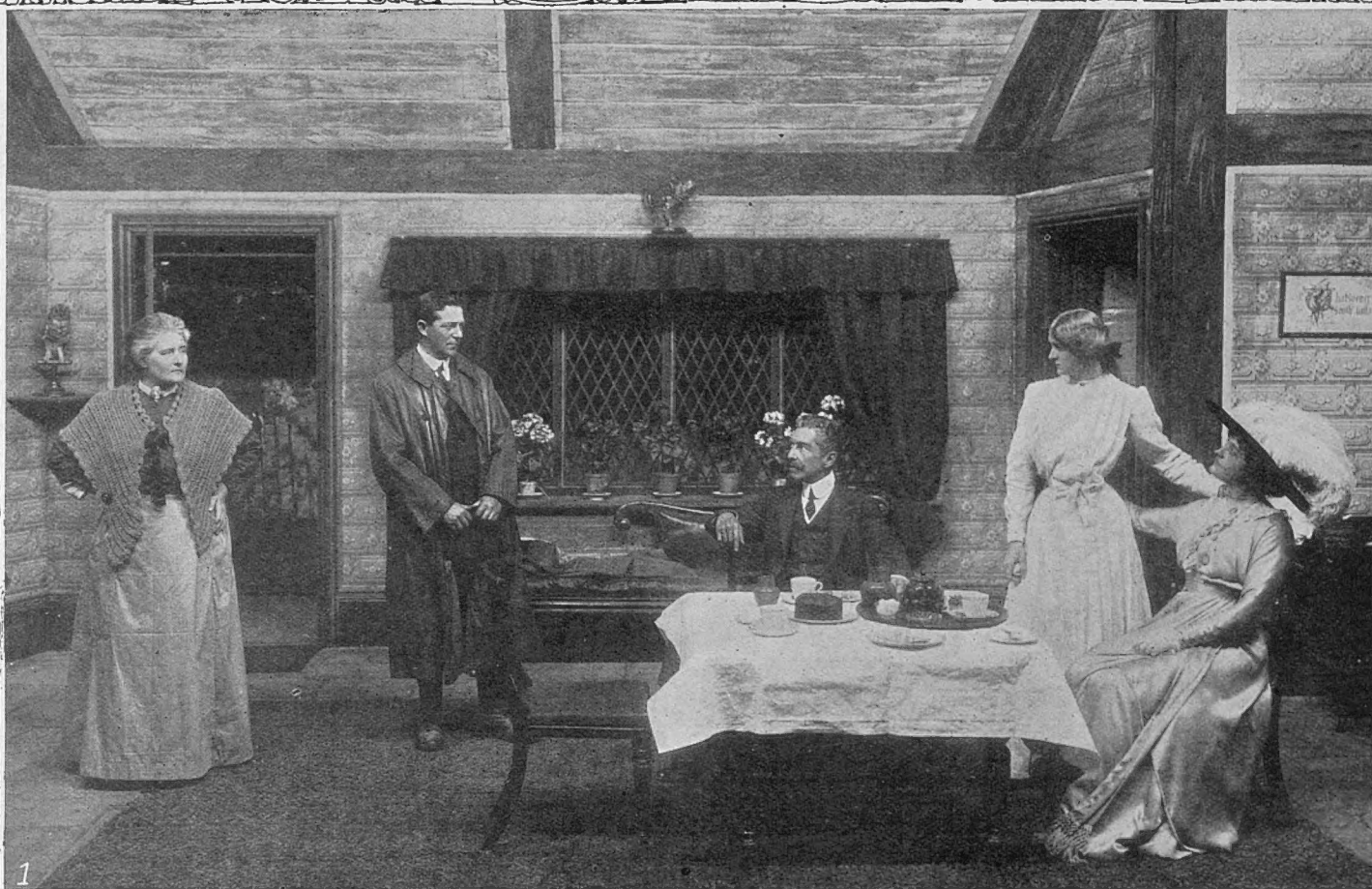
1. EARL WINTERTON, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MISS IVY GORDON-LENNOX WILL, IT IS SAID, BE ANNOUNCED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

2. MISS IVY GORDON-LENNOX, ONLY CHILD OF LORD AND LADY ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX, WHO, IT IS SAID, IS ENGAGED TO EARL WINTERTON.

Report has it that the engagement of Earl Winterton and Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox will be announced almost immediately. Lord Winterton is the sixth Earl; is M.P. for Horsham; and is most popular. Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, one of the prettiest of Society girls, is the only child of Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and is a niece of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Lord Winterton is twenty-seven; Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, twenty-three.

Photographs by Russell and Rita Martin.

IN DAYS OF HAPPINESS: "NOBODY'S DAUGHTER," AT WYNDHAM'S.



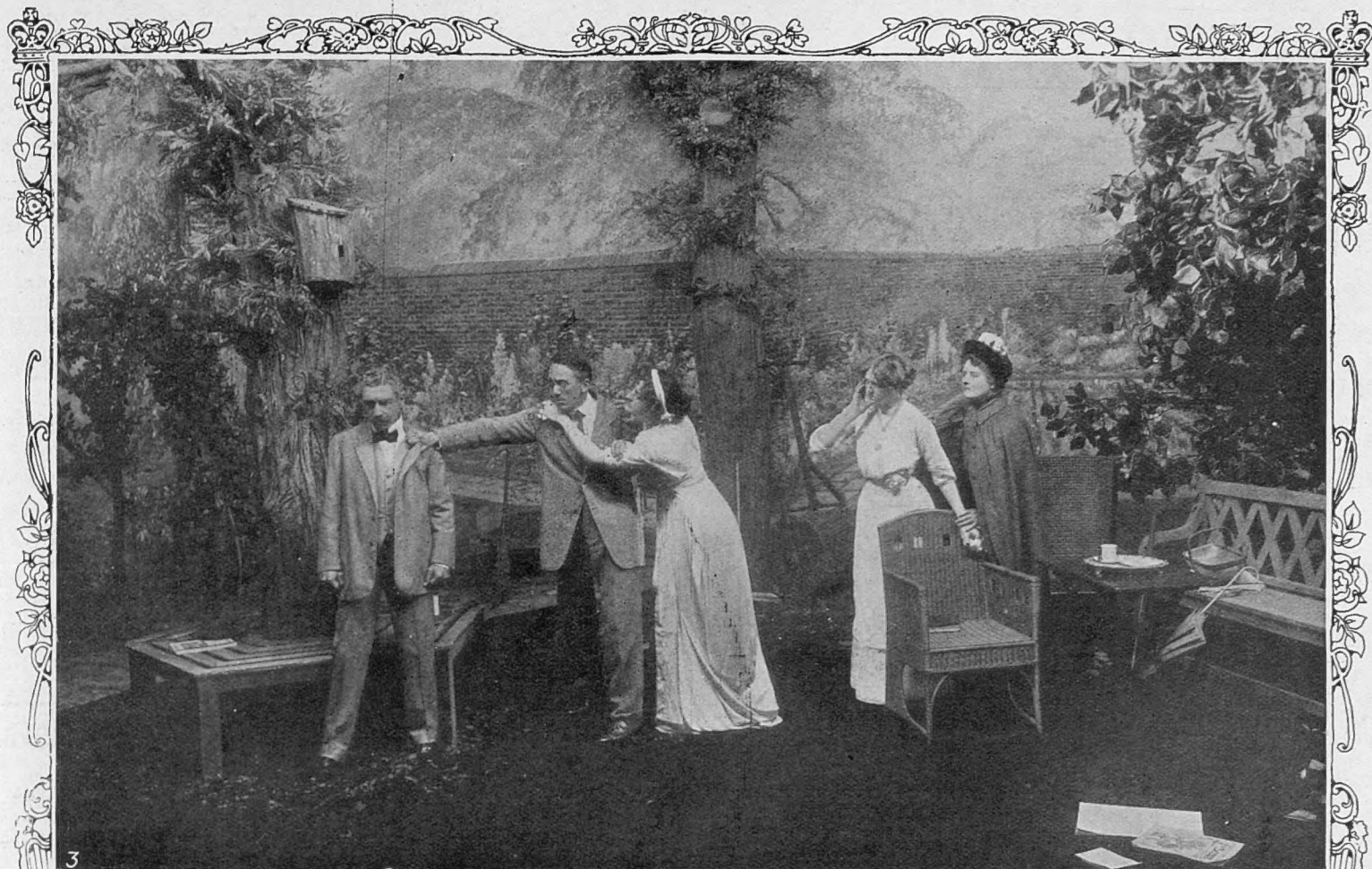
1. HONORA MAY SPRINGS THE NEWS THAT SHE IS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO THE YOUNG ENGINEER, WILL LENNARD, UPON HER FATHER, COLONEL TORRENS, AND HER MOTHER, MRS. FRAMPTON; AND THE YOUNG MAN IS INTRODUCED.
2. HONORA MAY, TAKEN TO MR. AND MRS. FRAMPTON'S HOUSE THAT SHE MAY LEAD THE LIFE OF HER CLASS AND SO POSSIBLY FORGET WILL LENNARD, IS INTRODUCED TO FASHIONABLE HATS AND GOWNS.

In the first photograph are Miss Mary Rorke as Christine Grant, Mr. H. Marsh Allen as Will Lennard, Mr. Sydney Valentine as Colonel Torrens, Miss Rosalie Toller as Honora May, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite as Mrs. Frampton. In the second are Mr. Ronald Squire as Tony, Miss Rosalie Toller as Honora May, Miss Lilian Braithwaite as Mrs. Frampton, Mr. Gerald Du Maurier as Mr. Frampton, Miss Dorothy Bell as Teresa Holroyd, Mr. Leon Quartermaine as Sir Jasper Marchmont, and Miss Henrietta Watson as Mrs. Torrens.

Honora May, daughter of Colonel Torrens and Mrs. Frampton (who have known one another intimately before their respective marriages, and still remain friends), is brought up in a country cottage under the care of Christine Grant, regarding her father and mother as her guardians. Colonel Torrens and Mrs. Frampton come to the cottage one day to settle plans for their daughter's future, only to find that she has arranged matters for herself by becoming engaged to a young mechanic, Will Lennard. Honora's parents, eager to stop this match, decide that she ought to see the life of her own class, so she goes for six months to Mr. and Mrs. Frampton's. Mr. Frampton good-naturedly offers to find her long-lost parents for her.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

IN DAYS OF DISTRESS: "NOBODY'S DAUGHTER," AT WYNDHAM'S.



3. MR. FRAMPTON, WHO HAS BEEN SEEKING HONORA MAY'S MISSING PARENTS, SUDDENLY REALISES THAT THE GIRL IS THE DAUGHTER OF HIS WIFE AND OF COLONEL TORRENS, AND WOULD KNOCK THE COLONEL DOWN.

4. MR. FRAMPTON PRESIDES OVER A FAMILY COUNCIL, AT WHICH IT IS DECIDED THAT HONORA MAY, DESIRING IT ABOVE ALL THINGS, SHALL MARRY WILL LENNARD AND GO BACK TO THE SIMPLE LIFE, EITHER IN THIS COUNTRY OR ABROAD.

In the first photograph are Mr. Sydney Valentine as Colonel Torrens, Mr. Gerald Du Maurier as Mr. Frampton, Miss Lillian Braithwaite as Mrs. Frampton, Miss Rosalie Toller as Honora May, and Miss Mary Rorke as Christine Grant. In the second are Mr. Sydney Valentine, Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, Miss Henrietta Watson as Mrs. Torrens, and Miss Lillian Braithwaite.

—He is unsuccessful. Then one day, still pursuing his inquiries, he questions Christine Grant. Her evasive answers and a look he catches as it passes between his wife and Colonel Torrens rouse his suspicion. He challenges the pair and finds that he is right. A family council is held, and it is decided that Honora shall be allowed to marry her mechanic, as she still persists in the wish to do so. At the same time, Mrs. Frampton is forgiven by her husband, Colonel Torrens by his wife, both Mrs. Torrens and Mr. Frampton knowing full well that the intimacy between Colonel Torrens and Mrs. Frampton took place in the days of their youth, before their marriages.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

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Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

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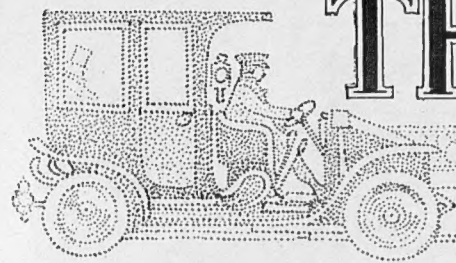
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THE CLUBMAN



If America Went to War.

"I wonder," said a man pensively to me, "what would happen to the hotels of Europe if a war or some other great calamity kept the Americans in their own country for two years." I thought also for a moment or two, and could only foresee bankruptcy under those circumstances for the big caravanserais in France and Germany and Switzerland and Italy which our cousins from across the Atlantic patronise. Not that the United States are likely ever to rush into a war, the only conceivable one being a struggle with one of the yellow races for the mastery of the Pacific. Even then, though most of the men would, of course, remain in their own country, there would not be any absolute reason why the ladies of their families should not cross the Atlantic as usual; though the instinct to be in one's own country when any national crisis has to be met is common to all peoples; and the Americans, though they live less in their own country than people of other nations do, are very patriotic.

Back to America.

How large is

the yearly American incursion to Europe is proved by the fact that in this month of September the Americans returning to their own country had, before the first of the month, booked every available cabin on every large steamer sailing for New York, and there are several hundreds of Americans waiting very unwillingly in London and Paris for the steamers which sail in October. Nearly nineteen thousand first-class passengers will cross the Atlantic westward bound in the course of the present month, and of these a very great majority are homeward-bound Americans. If such an army as this were to stay in its own country for two years there would be bitter lamentation in the Rue de la Paix and in every large hotel in Europe. The well-to-do Americans who come over in the spring and return in the "fall" may be roughly estimated at twenty thousand; and yet the hotels of the Riviera and some parts of Switzerland seem to be chiefly occupied in winter by the Americans; and of the chalets owned by foreigners at Cannes and Nice, Biarritz and Dinard, a very large proportion are the property of Americans. And yet, summer and winter, all the pleasure-resorts of America—Saratoga and Newport and the rest—are always full of moneyed people.

The American Abroad.

The American invasion, though it has resulted in prices being raised all over Europe, has made travelling a far more comfortable pleasure than it used to be. The typical Englishman has always been content to endure minor discomforts when he travels, and part of the delight of a Continental journey was the return to all the comforts of his own home. So many Americans live in their Saratoga trunks, and make one hotel or another their home, that they insist on finding everywhere the conveniences they consider necessary. The lifts to be found now in every hotel and every large lodging-house where the patrons are chiefly Americans have been introduced because Americans consider elevators necessities in their own country, and expect to find them wherever they go. The patient Britons would have gone on patiently walking up endless flights of stairs till the end of the chapter; but Americans have a way of making themselves heard if they are put to any discomfort.

The American We English are a very clean nation.

but we should have accepted till Doomsday the *bain de siège* and the *bain de luxe*—the latter a very expensive luxury—which was the choice a foreign hotel thirty years ago gave to its

clients. The well-to-do American is accustomed to find a bathroom attached to every bed-room in his own country, and the foreign hotel-keepers now, when a new hotel is built or an old one renovated, see that there is an abundance of bath-rooms in the building. The American in England thinks that our open fireplaces are old-fashioned, and considers the easy method of heating

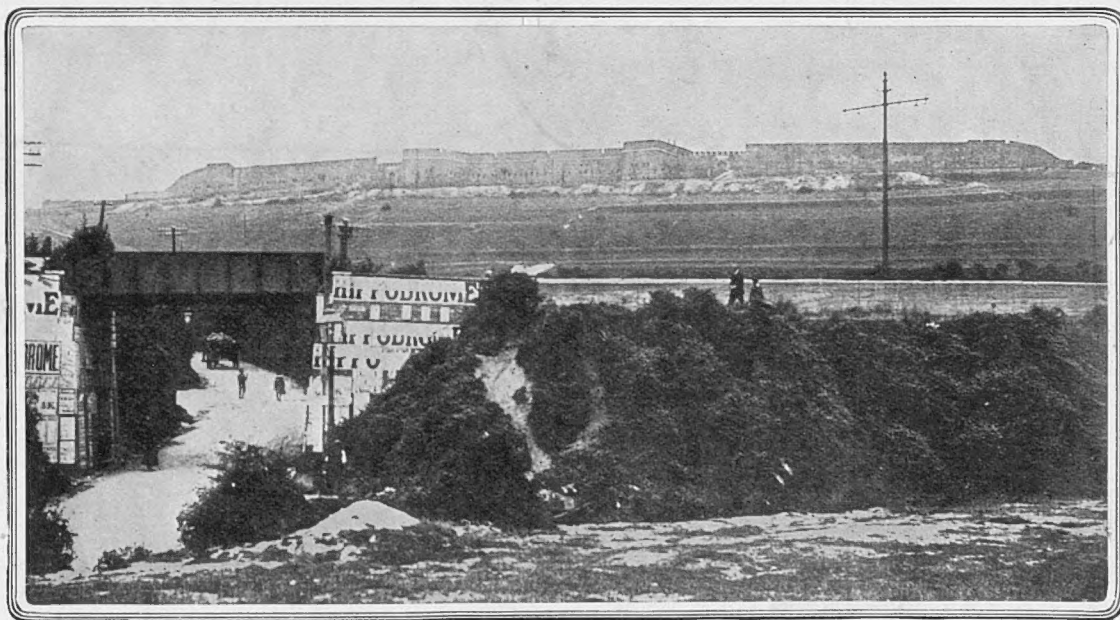
a room by air or steam is the better way. We English, however, have the doctors on our side. An American man, as a rule, does not care to put on evening clothes to eat his evening meal, and a big New York restaurant failed the other day because the management sent out a ukase that all diners were expected to appear in evening clothes. We owe to the Americans the admirable institution of the "grill-rooms." These are really restaurants where the guests are not expected to appear in purple and fine linen,

and where very short meals are the custom. They are different in this from the old British grill-rooms, where chops and steaks, kidneys and sausages, were the only meats.



AN OLD MAN FROM THE SEA: A REMARKABLE ROOT WASHED ASHORE AT ST. MARGARET'S BAY.

This veritable old man of the sea is nothing more than a curious root given up by the sea at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover. It is reproduced exactly as found; that is to say, it has not been altered in any way. It is fifteen inches in height.



THE CAPTURE OF AN ALLEGED GERMAN SPY AT PORTSMOUTH: PORTSDOWN HILL, SHOWING FORT WIDLEY, WHICH LIEUTENANT SIEGFRIED HELM, OF THE 21ST NASSAU PIONEER BATTALION OF THE GERMAN ARMY, HAS BEEN CHARGED WITH SKETCHING UNLAWFULLY.

Great interest was taken in the arrest of Lieutenant Siegfried Helm, of the German Army, who was brought up at Fareham the other day charged with having wrongfully obtained information, and when outside Fort Widley having attempted to make without authority a plan of that fortress. He was remanded to Winchester Gaol until to-morrow (Thursday). It is said that the charge of "unlawfully and for purpose of wrongfully obtaining information" making a plan of Fort Widley may be amended.

Photograph by Stephen Cribb.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

"MOST of the comets which are now respectable members of solar society have been captured by Jupiter, like flies on a spider's web." From "What to do with the Cold Comet," by T. F. Connolly.

Fashion news. Close-fitting hats and toques are to be worn in the coming winter. Except at matinées, of course.

From the British Association. Azotobacter and Pseudomonas are good little bacteria who always do what they are told, and never bite anyone on a

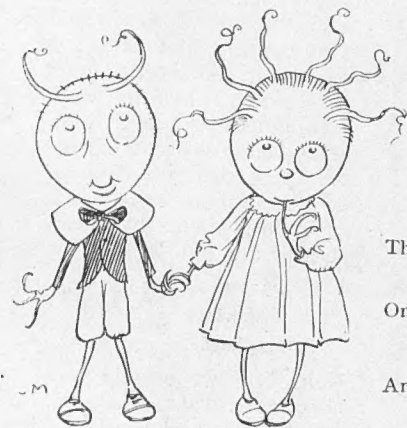
Sunday.
So don't tread on them if they are introduced to you.

THE SOMNOLENT CARROT.

(A large, properly cooked carrot for supper will induce sound and refreshing sleep.)

If you're lying awake
With a splitting headache
That is buzzing like running machinery,
It's quite likely because
You've been champing your jaws
On a salad or some other greenery.

So eat carrots instead
When you get into bed,
And swallow without any question
This quite beatific,
Terrific specific,
Soporific, and aid to digestion!



A medical journal says that some really clever doctors cannot write three consecutive lines without a mistake in spelling. No matter; if they can cure our holiday complaints they may spell like Queen Elizabeth.

DIALOGUES OF THE DAY.

OYSTER. Hullo, old fellow! So you've got over the "First"?

PARTRIDGE. Yes; we've both escaped the "opening" day.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

(An analyst states that some "champagne" is made of concentrated grape-juice, and probably gooseberries and other fruit, as well as rhubarb.)

Fill high the bowl with sparkling wine
That proves our chemical advance;
No longer do I yearn to quaff
The foaming grape of Eastern France.
Whisky and Polly tempt no more,
Nor brandied forms of Zoedone;
The modern scientific brand
Has got a flavour all its own.

The rhubarb's medicated stalks,
The giant gooseberry, shall lend
Their own peculiar vinous note
In due proportion to the blend.
Then let us fill the flowing bowl,
And, careless, quaff and quaff again,
For though champagne is not our drink
To-morrow will not bring sham pain.



Some Giant Snails have arrived at the "Zoo." Is it true that the War Office intends to commandeer them to draw the horseless guns of the Territorials?

Australia has one and two-fifths of a person to the square mile. The two-fifths represent the male population, say the Suffragettes.

Our own Theodore Roosevelt has been made a member of the Ak Sar Ben Secret Society, and is now qualified to shout, "Wy-mak-wy-ty-my, Ak, ak, ak, sar, ben, Omaha, fizz, boom," without being arrested as a "drunk."



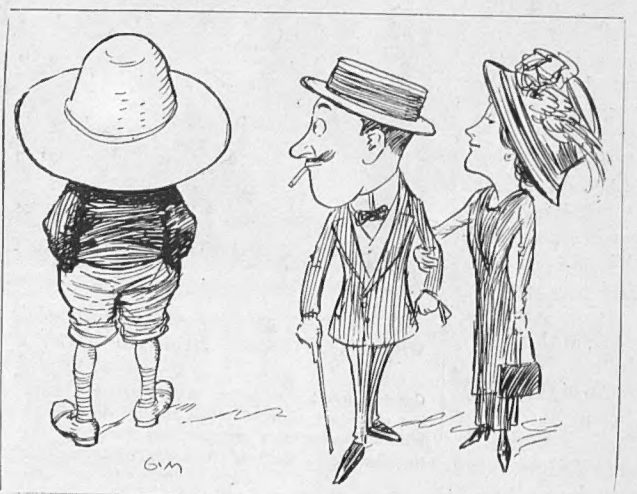
Among the prizes at the Dedham Flower Show was one for the best collection of this year's wasps' nests. Without the wasps, let us hope.

The Medical Officer of Finsbury has discovered a cat disguised as an Ostend rabbit. All we now need to make us happy is someone who will hear a sausage bark.

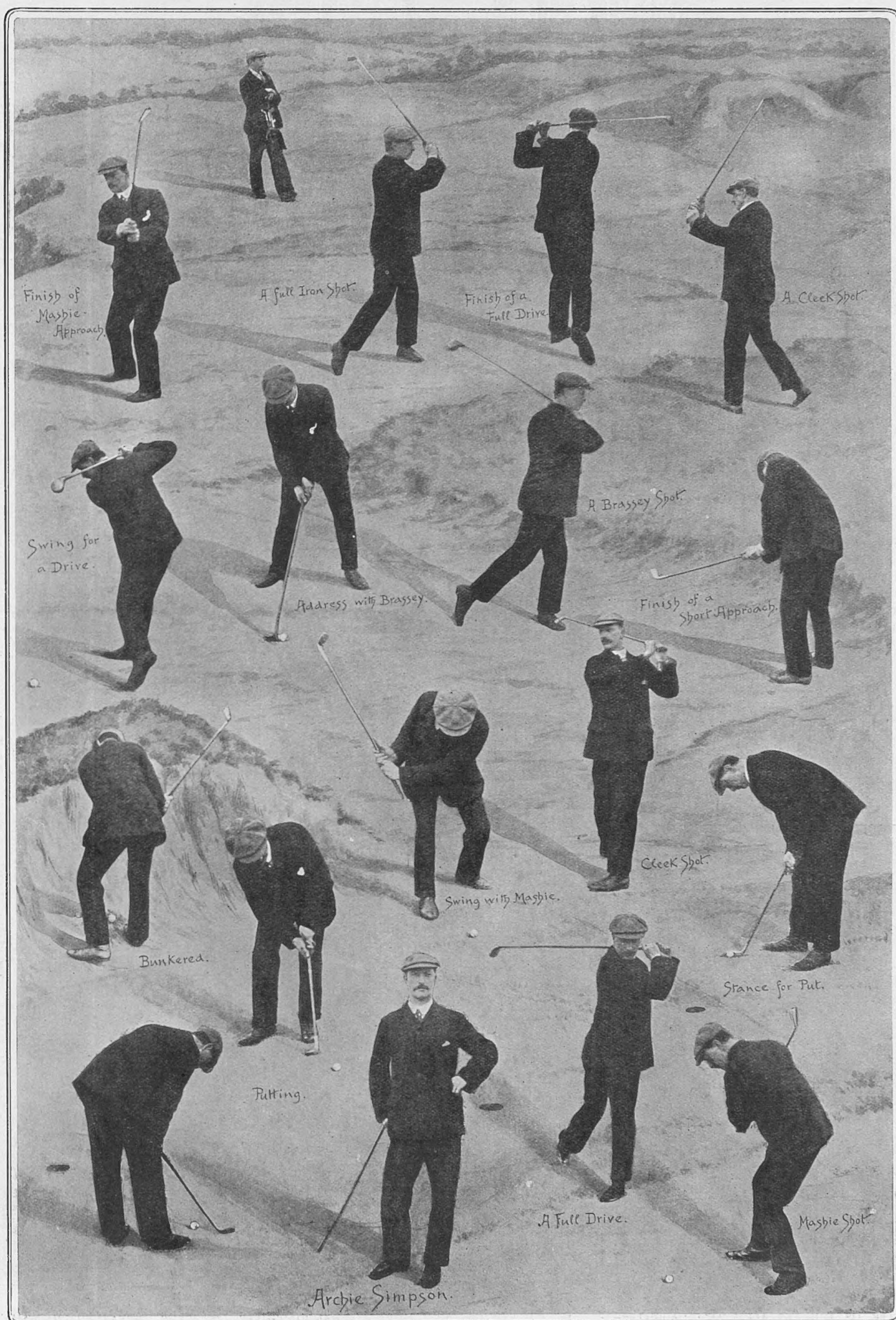
If you meet a stranger in an immense beehive straw hat, an alpaca coat, soft col-

larless shirt, and trousers rolled up to the knees, don't be alarmed. It is only M. Briand, the French Premier, taking a holiday in the disguise of a fisherman of the Boulevard variety.

The Principality of Montenegro has become a kingdom: the Empire of Korea has been absorbed by Japan. Don't worry; things are as they were; the balance of power is assured.



WINNER OF THE FIRST SANDWICH TOURNAMENT.



No. VIII.—OF ABERDEEN: ARCHIE SIMPSON.

Archie Simpson, who was once at Carnoustie and is now at Aberdeen, was born in 1866, in Fifeshire. He has the interesting honour of being the winner of the first tournament held at Sandwich. He has been twice second in the Open Championship.

Photographs by Reinhold Thiele

SMALL TALK

THE season of travel is also the season of losses, and the agony columns are filled with lamentations for portman-teaux and suit-cases. The bag may not be the best place for the cigarette-case, but if, like "R. C.'s," it is set with diamonds and rubies, it must be difficult to reconcile it with a pocket in a tweed suit, and embarrassing to flash its glories in the faces of fellow-passengers every time a humble cigarette is lighted; and so "R. C." put his case in a bag, and lost it. Mr. Frank Bibby's loss was even greater, and for many days he has been considering, as an experienced J.P., what punishment would fit the crime (if crime it was) that deprived him of watches, studs, and pearls for his cuffs, as well as valuable papers. Mr. Bibby, who was again prominent at Doncaster, is not the man to follow Mr. Max Beerbohm's example, and make shift with boot-buttons for links: having lost a small fortune from his toilet-table, he yet appears as one of the most sparkling and "expensive" of men.

A Traveller's Tale. Lord Herschell used to comfort losers like Mr. Bibby with the story of a lady friend who left all her five rings in a lavatory at Carlisle Station. Discovering her loss, she telegraphed, wrote, advertised; but in vain. Some months later, seeing an advertisement in a newspaper of the finding of six rings at Preston Station, she had the inspiration, notwithstanding the discrepancy in the two cases, to write for a description. Five of the rings proved to be hers, the sixth, which she had never seen before, belonging in all probability to the person who had appropriated her five at Carlisle, and,



THE WIFE AND BAIRNS OF A SCOTTISH NOBLE: LADY KINROSS AND HER CHILDREN.

Lord Kinross, the second Baron, was born in 1870, went to Harrow and Oxford, and in 1897 became an Advocate. Lady Kinross, whom he married in 1903, was Miss Elsie Johnstone-Douglas, a great-granddaughter of the fifth Marquess of Queensberry, and descended also from the third Duke of Buccleuch. Her children are the Hon. John Patrick Douglas Balfour, born 1904; the Hon. David Andrew Balfour, born 1906; and the Hon. Pamela Lilias Balfour, born 1907.—[Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.]

long afterwards, lost the whole bunch at Preston. Perhaps Mr. Bibby's bag will come back to him containing the little gods of two toilets, instead of one.

Wheels of Mischance. Viscount Torrington's collision with the police is an addition to a considerable list of lordly misdemeanours of the motor.

The Earl of Caledon was summoned in regard to an unregistered car; the Marquess of Northampton has been fined for driving at thirty-eight miles an hour on the Great North Road when, as he said, it was quite empty save for the vigilant protectors of the peace; Lord Granby has pleaded guilty to driving to the public danger; the Duke of Westminster has an endorsed license, and three convictions are marked against him; Lord Toller-mache is also too quick for the police, in the sense that brings a summons. The list could be much extended.

K.C.M.G.

M. Clemenceau, evading the Major Pond of the moment in the United States, has gone to South America to lecture, but will probably call in at New York before he returns to the Rue Franklin. He knows New York and America better than most French Premiers, for at one time he lived there, not far from Broadway, besides teaching French in a girls' school in Connecticut. Other visitors hastening across the Atlantic include Lord Justice Cherry, Sir William Treloar, and another distinguished K.C.M.G. This last, by the way, must not be too nice about his title in the States, where they will not be very quick to understand such a complaint as that of the late Sir William Gurdon, who wrote to the editor of a peerage, "You can no more call a Knight-Commander a Knight than you can call a cowkeeper a cow."

Mr. Du Maurier. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, whose personal popularity as one of the managed has been great, is delighted with the cordiality of his reception into the fold of the managers. For him and his immediate circle, however, the death of Mrs. Llewelyn-Davies clouded an otherwise cheerful enterprise. The daughter of the *Punch* artist and author of "Trilby," her features are familiar in a hundred drawings. When asked how he always contrived to clothe the delightful women of his pencil in dresses of such charming fashioning, Du Maurier explained that he merely drew what his wife and daughter wore. As the author of "An Englishman's Home," Major Du Maurier is another member of this family to win the fame of the theatre.



GRANDDAUGHTER OF PRINCESS ALICE AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE KING OF GREECE: PRINCESS ANDREW OF GREECE AND HER DAUGHTERS.

Princess Andrew of Greece is the elder daughter of Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, and a granddaughter of the late Princess Alice of England, whom she greatly resembles both in person and disposition. She married Prince Andrew of Greece at Darmstadt in 1903, and their two children are Princess Marguerite, born in 1905, and Princess Theodora, born in 1906.—[Photograph by Weston.]



GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE GREAT LORD SHAFTESBURY: THE COUNTESS OF MAR AND KELLIE WITH HER TWO SONS.

The Countess of Mar and Kellie (formerly Lady Susan Violet Ashley) is a sister of Lord Shaftesbury, and granddaughter of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, the famous philanthropist. She married the Earl of Mar and Kellie in 1892. Their two sons, Lord Erskine and the Hon. Francis Walter Erskine, are aged fifteen and eleven respectively.—[Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.]

MOVERS IN THE GREAT WORLD: LADIES FAMED IN SOCIETY.



1. MISS MILLCENT JAMES, ELDER DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. "WILLIE" JAMES.

2. LADY COWDRAY, WIFE OF THE NEW PEER WHO WAS SIR WEETMAN PEARSON.

3. MISS CHINNOCK, OF DINORBIN COURT, FLEET.

4. MRS. ADRIAN ROSE (FORMERLY MISS LYCETT GREEN).

5. MRS. MALDWIN DRUMMOND (FORMERLY MRS. MARSHALL FIELD).

6. MRS. VAN ZANDT, DAUGHTER OF LORD AVEBURY.

7. THE HON. SYBIL FELLOWES, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF LORD DE RAMSEY.

Miss Millicent James is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. "Willie" James, who were such great friends of King Edward VII., and entertained him at West Dean Park on numerous occasions. Like her mother, she is a good musician and a clever actress.—Lady Cowdray is the wife of the famous contractor who was created a peer recently. The title "Cowdray" is taken from one of Lord Cowdray's seats, Cowdray Park, Midhurst.—The engagement of Miss Chinnock, of Dinorbin Court, Fleet, Hants, to Captain Harris St. John has just been announced.—Before her marriage Mrs. Adrian Rose was Miss Lycett Green. Her husband, Captain Adrian Rose, died a few months after the wedding.—Mrs. Maldwin Drummond was, before her marriage to Mr. Maldwin Drummond, Mrs. Marshall Field, widow of the famous Chicago millionaire. Her husband is a kinsman of Lord Perth.—Mrs. Van Zandt is the elder daughter of Lord Avebury. She married, first, Mr. Andrew Walter Mulholland, who died in 1877; secondly, in 1884, Mr. Ferdinand Suydam Van Zandt, who died in 1892.—The Hon. Sybil Fellowes is the youngest of Lord de Ramsey's four daughters, and is the only unmarried one of the four.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 3 by Val l'Estrange; Nos. 2 and 6 by Thomson; Nos. 4 and 5 by Lallie Charles; No. 7 by Rita Martin.

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

THE harrowing details of the Tsaritsa's health freely circulated in the Press have not found full credence in the best-informed quarters in this country, but her indisposition is acute enough to fill her friends here with dismay, and to revive many poignant memories. It was in a letter to Queen Victoria soon after her birth that she was described as "a sweet, merry little person, always laughing, with a deep dimple in one cheek." Later Princess Alice writes again: "She is the personification of her nickname, Sunny." Nor had she in her greatest cares ever lost the native good-spirits now denied her by the reporters. The five languages she is mistress of she always used with a charming vivacity, and when she exerted her gifts as an artist it was generally in the making of light-hearted caricatures.

The Tsaritsa's Wooing.

Forebodings of the crushing anxieties that would fall to her lot were naturally in the minds of all who knew her when her marriage to Nicholas II. was arranged. It has been said that half Royal Europe battled to prevent it. But for all the gravity of her relations, Queen Victoria's approval and her own invincible gaiety won the day. The manner of her acceptance was characteristic: "My father, who is my Emperor, has commanded me to offer you my hand and my heart," said her suitor, according to the story. The young lady answered, "My grandmother, who is Queen of England, has commanded me to accept your hand; for your heart, I accept it myself."



TO BE MARRIED TO MR. C. ROUNDELL TO-MORROW (THE 15TH): LADY MAUDE VIVIAN. Lady Maude Vivian is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Leitrim. In 1899 she married Major Henry Wyndham Vivian, who died in 1901.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

is gratifying, in a rather mild manner, his fondness for adventure. When word of his "wound" was received in London, the absurd rumour of a duel—the second, by-the-bye, that he has been made to fight by the club gossips during the last two years—went its stupid round, soon to come to a very natural death. The least acute of story-mongers did not, however, fall into the error of setting up Mr. F. E. Smith as his imaginary antagonist. It is now a matter of general knowledge that the duels between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Smith are confined to the platform, with bitter words for bullets and with the least harmful of consequences. On Baron de Forest's yacht, these gentlemen meet in mildest and most intimate fellowship.



MISS BROOME AND MR. ERIC H. THIRKELL WHITE, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Broome is the eldest daughter of Mr. Frank Broome, of Weybridge. Mr. Eric Thirkell White is a son of the late Lieutenant-Governor of Burma. The wedding is to take place in Burma before long.—[Photographs by Thomson and Swaine.]

A Leisurely St. Leger. Though in some ways a dull and leisurely St. Leger, it had many compensating features. The gay larch-green worn by smiling Lady Rosemary Portal, the conspicuous purples of Priscilla Lady Annesley's attire, and the other colours of many ladies and jockeys, defied the grey and threatening skies. The Duchess of Newcastle marshalled quite a regiment of guests from Clumber Park; Lady Burton was interested because it was her first experience of Doncaster; Lord Alington, a previous winner, renewed the thrills of victory on somebody else's behalf. Neither Mr. Astor, as an owner, nor Mrs. Astor, as an owner's wife, could pretend to be bored: nor, of course, could Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, whose horses and whose humour cropped up everywhere. Rear-Admiral Windham looked quite recovered, but a little nervous, one acute observer suggested, of spotting winners, lest some genial friend should slap him on the shoulder—the shoulder he dislocated at Cowes.

Doncaster.

The light-yellow cars that brought the party from Went-



ENGAGED TO MR. VASEY, R.E.: MISS MAUD HIGGINS, OF UPTON PARK, SLOUGH.

Photograph by Amy Cassels.

Winston's Wound.

Mr. Winston Churchill's holiday

Lady Gerard, Lady Berkeley Paget, Sir Bache and Lady Cunard, and Mr. Henry Lygon—must relinquish at least a sprinkling of racegoers to their neighbours. Their friends, Lord and Lady Galway, were themselves entertaining at Serlby Hall. At Sanbeck Park, Lord and Lady Scarbrough entertained a brilliant party, including Lord Savile, who, at Rufford Abbey, is generally a host-in-chief for Doncaster.



MR. TREVOR WOOD AND MISS DOROTHY FOSTER, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-DAY (THE 14TH).

Mr. Trevor Wood is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Wood. Miss Dorothy Foster is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Foster, of Apley Park, Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

Photographs by Beresford and Val E. Strange.



TO MARRY SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM CLARKE: MRS. REYNOLDS.

The engagement of Mrs. Reynolds, widow of the late Captain A. S. Reynolds, and Sir George Sydenham Clarke, who was appointed Governor of Bombay in 1907, was recently announced.

Photograph by Lafayette.

"Why?" Word comes from Montreal of the extreme willingness of the Canadian to show hospitality to the multitudinous visitors now attending the Congress in that city. Montreal is not a place to be ashamed of, but when, during a recent congress of Knights Templars in Chicago, the helpful residents wore a badge inscribed, "Ask Me, I Live Here," the question commonly provoked was "Why?"

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ROPED FOR WORK AND PLAY



ROPED WORKMEN: CUTTING THE NEW MARINE DRIVE FROM DOVER TO ST. MARGARET'S BAY.

The workmen engaged on the cutting of the new Marine Drive are roped to crowbars driven into the cliffs, as may be seen in our photographs. The making of the drive is now well in hand, and some 850 men are engaged in cutting a 60-foot-wide roadway along the face of the cliffs, which reach a height of 280 feet.—[Photographs by Topical.]



A ROPED PLEASURE-SEEKER: THE NEW COSTUME FOR LADY MOUNTAINEERS.

It will be noticed that the fair mountaineer adopts the convenient knickerbockers, and wears a kind of sleeved waistcoat. The hat, of the Alpine variety, has a silver edelweiss on one side of it.—[Photographs by H. Traut]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

"Nobody's Daughter."

"George Paston's" new play is an excellent illustration of the way in which much may be forgiven, if only an author has the power so to treat a subject as to earn forgiveness. Here two people, a nice girl and a young officer without means, defied the laws of Society, and brought Honora May into the world; yet apparently the secret was never known. No attempt is made to explain whether or how it escaped the notice of the world and the lady's own relatives. That is the first fence to be taken, and a stiff one it is. Shortly after the event, these two ceased entirely to love one another: that is the second. They married, he a charming wife, she a charming husband; yet perfect love and confidence bred no confessions, and the secret was a secret for twenty years. That is the third fence. The thing becomes a steeplechase. She having married John Frampton, and he having married Judy, the two households settle down as intimate friends in the same country town: which is a magnificent jump. But a taller fence now approaches. He and she, as guardians, visit Honora in her secluded village from time to time; John and Judy know of the girl's existence, but ask no questions; and "George Paston" soars over the obstacle with a splendid contempt. It is done by the simple expedient of attempting no explanations at all. Finally—this, perhaps, is the tallest fence of all—Honora is brought into the Frampton household, to cure her of her love for a young mechanic; and in breach of all the rules of reason and probability, "Nobody's Daughter" turns out to be a very charming, witty, and interesting little play, and promises to crown Mr. Gerald Du Maurier's first attempt at management with triumphant success.

Mr. Gerald Du Maurier. The reason is not far to seek. Honora herself (Miss Rosalie Toller) is natural and human. So is her old

stern nurse, Christine (Miss Mary Rorke). So is her lover, Will (Mr. Marsh Allen). So is Judy (Miss Henrietta Watson), and, above all, so is Mr. Gerald Du Maurier as John Frampton. The guilty pair alone do not quite rise superior to the improbabilities of their position, though the lady is admirably played by Miss Lilian Braithwaite. But Mr. Du Maurier himself is irresistible. Nothing could be more fascinating than the irrepressible gaiety and light-heartedness of his boyish middle-age; and when he discovers the secret at last, he grips the situation and plays it through with a mastery, an ease, and a sincerity which it would be difficult to surpass. The humourist trying to be serious is a common phenomenon on the stage; it is given to few, and Mr. Du Maurier is one of them, to be supreme in both characters.

"A Bolt from the Blue."

If "Nobody's Daughter" shows how improbabilities may on occasion be forgiven, "A Bolt from the Blue," the importation from France with which the Duke of York's Theatre reopened, shows that they are not always easy things to deal with. There may be merits in the French play. The pictures of the life of the Apache in a low Parisian café, and of the stage world at a theatrical ball, may have had in them some elements of truth. Adapted for English use, they have in them nothing but tedious absurdity. The original version may have given good reason for the conclusion that, as Irma Lurette was in possession of the compromising letters of a banker, the only thing to be done was to kill her. In English, the thing was ludicrous. Possibly some explanation occurs in the French to account for the imbecility of the scoundrels who planned the murder; in English, their first choice of a ruffianly cut-throat for the job of disguising himself as a gentleman and winning the lady's confidence seemed strangely inept; nor was their second much happier, for they chose a nice young man who was obviously incapable of hurting a fly. This young man wandered about, racked by irresolution and remorse; and having induced the lady to take him to her flat, fell in love with her as a matter of course. That murder was never within the bounds of possibility until the original ruffian turned up to perform it (why he did so may be made clear in the French: in the English his engagement had been definitely cancelled before he was even told the

lady's name and address). When he arrived he was, of course, foiled by the nice young man, and everything ended with a prospect of what might (or might not) be marriage-bells; but it was tragic to find Mr. Frohman falling back on such a play after his splendid work at the Duke of York's in the earlier part of the year. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, too, was quite out of place in such surroundings; as were such players as Mr. Dennis Eadie and Mr. Edmund Gwenn; and though Mr. Arthur Wontner attacked the part of the young man with sincerity and vigour, he failed to make it plausible.

"Sister Anne," by Mme. Albanesi, has some merits of an unobtrusive kind; but I doubt whether it will do very much towards establishing the Coronet as a West-End theatre. The little play has altogether too much of self-



"THE CRISIS," AT THE NEW THEATRE: MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS CAMILLE DE LANÇAY, AND MISS SARAH BROOKE AS RENÉE DE SERVAL.

RENÉE: And that's the mother.

CAMILLE: What a strong face!

RENÉE: What a cook, my dear Camille!



"THE CRISIS," AT THE NEW THEATRE: CAMILLE DE LANÇAY (MISS EVELYN MILLARD) PUTS HER CASE BEFORE THE GREAT LAWYER, ADRIEN DE SERVAL (MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL).

CAMILLE: You are very kind, M. Serval; I will tell you everything.

sacrifice in it: it is one of those novelist's plays which fail for lack of a grip of the requirements of the stage. Still, Mr. Robert Arthur has given it a very good chance, with Miss Marion Terry, tenderly sympathetic as the heroine; and in the other parts such admirable players as Miss Rosina Filippi, Mr. Norman Trevor, and Mr. C. Aubrey Smith.

OH — DE COLOGNE ! THE SCENT - CITY FROM ABOVE.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE CAR OF A DIRIGIBLE : COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

It is obvious that the voyager by dirigible or aeroplane sees many sights never witnessed by the man in the street. Whether he sees the regulation sights, at all events, as well as does his less daring brother is an open question. Probably few would worry about making a flight to look at Cologne's magnificent cathedral from the point of view adopted by the taker of this photograph, for, unusual as is the aspect of the building, it cannot be said that it is seen altogether at its best. We need scarcely remark that the fine Gothic "Dom" is one of the most magnificent cathedrals in Europe. It was begun in 1248 and finished in 1880.

KEYNOTES

ENGLISH FOLK - MUSIC.

NOT the least interesting novelty produced down to the present at Queen's Hall during the Promenade Concert Season is the Fantasia on English Folk-Song by Mr. Vaughan Williams, composer of the "Norfolk Rhapsody." For the moment this work has not made much impression upon the general public, but students and lovers of English music will hardly overlook its significance. We seem to be passing through the early days of a musical renaissance in this country; the strength and endurance of the movement will depend very largely upon the extent to which our musicians turn to native sources for their inspiration. While the wealth of the Continent has been exploited very thoroughly, England has been neglected—partly, perhaps, because English musicians who have had to live by their work have long felt that the measure of their success depended largely upon their capacity to use the idiom of another country. So it happens that many a man of talent has "played the sedulous ape" to Verdi or Wagner, or even Strauss, or has founded his claim to a hearing upon the violation of accepted canons of composition, the multiplication of sound, and the studied neglect of a simple melodic outline. For such music there is no more than an occasional hearing; it pleases some of the cognoscenti by its skill and unconventionality, but is seldom of the kind "that, buried once, men wish dug up again." The foreign composer, for all his violence and eccentricity, has been speaking his own language; the English imitator does not know the idiom, and can only reproduce its often unpleasant associations. If this statement seems unkind or exaggerated, it is only necessary to look at the list of ambitious new productions by young English composers to which a hearing has been given in the past five or six years, and to note how few have been accorded a second hearing. In a way, the work has been serious and sincere—only men of great accomplishment and industry could have written it: and yet the bulk is but labour lost, for it is seldom or never representative of the genius of England.

Now at last we seem to stand upon the threshold of a new era, and for this the Folk-Song Society, now in its thirteenth year, is largely responsible. The society has published more than a dozen journals, each one full of wealth gathered from every corner of England. In Scotland the Rymour Club, in Ireland the Irish Folk-Song Society, and in Wales the Welsh Folk-Song Society are labouring on similar lines in their respective fields. In England Messrs. Vaughan Williams, Cecil Sharp, Rutland Boughton, and Percy Grainger are prominent among the pioneers, and of late Messrs. Hugh Cranmer, Byng,

Symphony "From the New World" being one of the most striking examples of a great art-work founded upon national melody.

For many centuries it seemed likely that the English folk-song, handed down from father to son, would prove to be the inalienable possession of our countryside, but the forces of modernity have slowly arrayed themselves against it, and but for the Folk Song Society, much would undoubtedly have been lost. The society has served to remind English music-lovers of the treasures within their reach. Had the society arrived a generation later, much of the material

already collected would have passed beyond recall, for even our most secluded rural districts are being invaded. The hurdy-gurdy respects no village, however remote, and the sounds for which it is responsible not only enjoy the courtesy title of music, but something akin to popularity. A younger generation turns with longing from the quiet, and, let us confess, monotonous, surroundings in which its life is set, turns, if only in thought, to the nearest big town with its gin-palaces and music-hall. Consequently, the tunes that escape from the city, in which they have outlived their pristine popularity, receive a boisterous welcome in the village. The old songs that stood for the spirit of the countryside are voted of little worth, they are quite out of date; the young villager shows his modern sympathies by capturing the echo of the far-off town's music, and is ashamed to sing the songs that his father sang on the few occasions of a village festival. The harvest supper, the rare political smoking-concert at which beer and tobacco are supplied gratis through some mysterious agency into whose origin no man is so foolish as to pry, the sing-song in the ale-house, the break-up of the village fair, all these occasions were associated with folk-songs quaintly comic, absurdly sentimental, or occasionally Rabelaisian in their humour. Sometimes words and music were of equal age, but far more often the words appear to have been rewritten to suit airs of great antiquity, modal tunes, many of them purely Dorian, that have survived from times when the Church and the village met in their celebrations, as at Eastertide and Christmas.

It was possible only a few years ago to hear the same tune sung to different words, according to the county in which it was met, and many of the melodies are of rare beauty, capable in the hands of skilled musicians of revealing unexpected charm. Just as the untutored countryman has parted with odd pieces of rare old furniture, china, and pewter for modern abominations of little worth, quite confident that what is new must be infinitely better than what was old, so he has shown a disposition to abandon the airs that were his birthright for the trash that tickles the groundlings in the big cities, to which he looks with the veneration that only ignorance can inspire. Happily, the Folk-Song Society has come to the rescue, and English composers have now within their borders a mine of wealth. Doubtless they will turn it to good account, and in doing so will reach a section of the public that cannot be touched by mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. COMMON CHORD.



A CHARMING "MAXIM GIRL": MISS BETTY GREY, WHO IS ON TOUR IN "THE MERRY WIDOW."

Miss Betty Grey, who comes of a well-known Yorkshire family, is making her first stage appearance as one of the Maxim Girls in "The Merry Widow" on tour.—[Photograph by Corbett.]

and H. M. Goldstein have rescued from threatened oblivion a delightful collection, not yet published, of old Essex folk-songs. The brilliant use that many great composers have made of folk-tunes shows us that they can serve the most serious purposes of music, Dvorák's



LEADING LADY IN THE UNAUTHORISED PARODY OF "ARMS AND THE MAN": MISS CONSTANCE DREVER, THE NADINA OF "THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER."

"The Chocolate Soldier" is presented at the Lyric "with apologies to Mr. Bernard Shaw for an unauthorised parody on one of his comedies." This comedy is obviously "Arms and the Man." In the cast, in addition to Miss Drever, are, amongst others, Miss Elsie Spain, Miss Amy Augarde, Mr. Roland Cunningham, and Mr. C. H. Workman.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

"DOUGH" — IN TWO KINDS.



THE FIRST ACTOR: I've got a rippin' part, old chap.

THE SECOND ACTOR: Good pay?

THE FIRST ACTOR: No, not much pay, but there's a real pudding in the last act!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE

I.—MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

THE eighth day of the eighth month is a more than ordinarily memorable one to me, for I was twice eight years old when I made my first appearance on the stage. I had just celebrated my sixteenth birthday when I got permission to carry into effect the desire I had from the time I was quite a little girl of becoming an actress. My début was made at the Theatre Royal, Margate, as a member of the company of the late Miss Sarah Thorne, from whom, in common with so many other members of my profession, I learnt the rudiments of the technique of acting.

My first part was Phœbe, in "As You Like It," and the occasion was made doubly interesting to me by reason of the fact that my sister Violet was making her first appearance as Rosalind. She had been a regular member of Miss Thorne's company the year before, and had gone back to fill a special engagement, as she did on subsequent occasions. The Orlando was the late Mr. Nutcombe Gould, and the Audrey was Miss Florence Wood, who is still so popular.

The chief fact which I recall in connection with my first appearance is the remarkable one that I was hardly nervous at all. I was delighted at the opportunity of being allowed to act, and I was, I suppose, too excited to think of anything else. Besides, the natural self-confidence of inexperience enabled me to approach what I now regard as an ordeal with a light-heartedness which I envy nowadays, when the playing of a new part makes me exceedingly nervous. All the same, though I was not aware of any nervousness at the time, I must have been so unconsciously, for I remember that I spent two hours making up my mind that I would make a certain movement when I spoke a certain word. Of course, I had a shepherd's crook in my hand, and the movement involved the use of it. When, however, I got on the stage I stood stock-still, and when I came to speak the line with the word whose meaning I desired to illustrate with an action, my muscles refused to move. I felt as if I were screwed to the stage, and the crook were screwed also. When, however, I came to the next scene I resolved that, whatever happened, I would move; but, strange as it must seem, I found that it was an actual physical pain to do so.

Still, my first appearance was not altogether unsuccessful, for when the play was over Miss Thorne, whose good opinion was the thing every member of her company cared for, was kind enough to say I had done very well, and she was very satisfied with me. That good opinion, however, was very much modified, not to say entirely changed, the next time I played the part. In thinking about the character it occurred to me that to play Phœbe as a pleasant, sympathetic young person was quite wrong, seeing the way in which she behaved towards Sylvius. I accordingly determined to act the part against the audience. And I succeeded. I made her a disagreeable—a very disagreeable little person indeed. When the play was over Miss Thorne came behind and asked what I meant by playing the part as I did, and making Phœbe a spiteful little vixen.

"That's the way I think she ought to be played," I said.

"That's the way you won't play her," she replied, and she proceeded to read me a lecture. As I lived in Miss Thorne's house, she might have been expected to continue her "wiggling" at supper. She did not, for it was part of her programme to keep business to the theatre, and to leave any discussion of our work there, so that we did not take it home with us. At the theatre, however, there was no question of not discussing our work. Miss Thorne had very definite views, and she made us understand them. She helped me a great deal at the rehearsals of "As You Like It," and helped me, as she helped us all, in the most helpful manner. She never said, as

so many teachers do, "Do this way," and made you imitate her. She explained what the part meant as a whole and its relation to the other parts, suggested what you should convey to the audience, and left it to you to make the meaning clear. It was a good deal to take in in about four rehearsals, which was all we had for the play; but I knew I was going to play Phœbe, so I went down to Margate letter-perfect, and did not have to worry myself learning the words.

The dress I wore for the part—it was a red skirt with a white shirt and a velvet over-bodice—I made myself, though I had worn the over-bodice before in some private theatricals at home. The only ornament I had on was a little shepherd's crook, to which I attached a lot of narrow ribbons, and it can be seen pinned on my bodice in the photograph. It was given to me by Mr. Gould as a souvenir of my first appearance. I still have it, and constantly use it as a hatpin.

Playing in Margate, the last thing I expected to have was any notice of my performance in the London papers. Not that I thought very much about notices at that time; my parts were too small, and I was too inexperienced to dream that I would attract any attention. Besides, it was quite sufficient for me to be in the theatre, and to be rehearsing

in the day with the prospect of playing at night, no matter what part was given to me—even though I had to go on as a super. Still, as luck would have it, I did get a notice in a London paper. Mr. Alfred Calmour happened to be at Margate at the time, and so was the late Mr. Davenport Adams. They saw that performance of "As You Like It," and Mr. Davenport Adams wrote a notice which appeared in the *Globe*. In that notice he mentioned Miss Florence Wood and me, and said he thought more would be heard of both of us.

I have referred to the curious circumstance attending the date of my début. I am not superstitious, but it has been odd the way in which eight has pursued me during my theatrical career. Several of my engagements have begun on the eighth of the month, or I have been engaged for them on that date; while "The Gay Lord Quex," in which I played Sophie Fulgarney, was produced on April 8; and the relationship between the month and the date is likewise an intimate one.

IRENE VANBRUGH.



IN HER FIRST PART: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS PHOEBE IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."
Miss Vanbrugh is now playing Irma Lurette in "A Bolt from the Blue," at the Duke of York's.—[Photograph by G. Goodman.]

Little Games for the Holidays—Heath Robinson Invt.



VI.—HOBBY · MOTORING — FOR SIMPLE · LIFERS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

RICHARD WAGNER—THE MAN.*

IN the days during which only a handful of disciples stood by the Master, upholding him against the jeers of the masses who could not understand, and Padeloup's playing of selections from his works led to the hurling of so many defiances between the opposing camps in the body of the concert-hall that the town guard had frequently to interfere lest a hand-to-hand conflict should ensue, a little company of French people set out from Paris on a devout pilgrimage to the shrine of their idol, Richard Wagner. They went to Tribschen by his wish; otherwise their journey would have been fruitless, for Wagner did not seek to meet mere satisfiers of curiosity, even though they might dispel such rumours as those which said that he had "a seraglio of women of all countries and of all colours, clothed magnificently, but that no one ever crossed his threshold," or that he was "an unsociable man, gloomy and disagreeable, living alone in strict seclusion, his only companion a great black dog."

Even as it was, the visit of the worshippers, of whom Judith Gautier and Villiers de L'Isle-Adam were the chief, came perilously near a sudden end when Wagner discovered that Mme. Gautier had written an article for *Le Rappel*—"Richard Wagner at Home." The Master was angry. "A discord already!" he cried. "Then he declared to Cosima that his house and all things relating to his private life, including the dogs, were to him like the mysterious jewel of his destiny, and that he experienced actual terror at seeing them mentioned in the papers." But he forgave. Frau Cosima Wagner, then still Frau von Bülow, persuaded him, and he was appeased.

They went to him also as to a god: they would have followed him as many women followed Liszt from city to city, all through the year, and disputed over a flower that he had touched. Wagner was to them greater than Homer, Aeschylus, Dante, Goethe, Beethoven, or Shakespeare—"Orpheus and Apollo, both blended to one lyre," "the Eagle of the Righi," "the Swan of Lucerne," the New Oracle. Sailing to Tribschen, they saw the green Righi as Mont Salvat, imagined the Temple of the Grail to be concealed behind the vigilant trees, searched the summit of Pilate for the giant portal of divine Walhalla. The soil was sacred. Given the freedom of the Master's house, they revelled in the light of his genius, heard him talk and play, entered "the sanctuary, the Holy of Holies, the work-room of Richard Wagner. Sombre draperies, a restrained half-light, two walls covered with book-shelves, filled with splendid works: music, poetry, philosophy; a piano of a special design (almost an altar), furnished with drawers, and a plane like a table; a single picture,

the portrait of Ludwig II., the royal friend, the ministering spirit: 'The man who,' said Wagner, 'seems to have been sent to me from Heaven.'"

"How enthusiastic you are!" said the Master to Mme. Gautier. "You must not be too much so, or your health will suffer." "He spoke jestingly, but the kind light in his eyes told me much that his laugh disguised." They saw the Gallery, a long, narrow room hung in violet velvet, against which the whiteness of small marble statues stood out in soft relief—"They are the heroes of the Master's works; Tannhäuser touching the strings of his lyre, and singing the passionate song to the glory of Venus. Lohengrin, like an archangel, drawing his sword for the defence of innocence. Tristan, the knight . . . Walther von der Vogelweide, and the last-born, the youthful and impetuous Siegfried. They saw, too, the collection of butterflies, from the Paris Exhibition, of which Wagner said: "From amid all that great mass of things which owe their existence to the prodigious labours of mankind this is the one thing that an artist finds most to his taste." They drove in the Master's carriage,

strolled in his garden, gained the friendship of his dogs, saw Frau Cosima's bathing-pool, went with Wagner to the little inn in which he stayed after his exile, after he had been condemned to death in Saxony for having taken part in the Revolution of '49, and under the window of which a peasant band played fragments from his operas; watched the children dance to the "Tailor's Quadrille" he had composed for them; were with him at Munich when he visited it secretly at the time of the production of "Das Rheingold"; knew him joyous, violent, sad; played a charade before him.



SEEKING HEALTH TO THE STRAINS OF MUSIC: RHYTHMICAL GYMNASTICS.

The particular form of rhythmical gymnastics illustrated was devised by Professor Jacques Dalcroze. Music plays great part in it. Its devotees, as may be noted, are mostly of the fairer sex, and are many of them destined to be dancers.

Photograph by F. Boissonas.

With Frau Cosima they were equally intimate. Mme. Gautier even received the closest confidences of the lady who was to be Wagner's second wife. So it happened that Liszt's feeling towards his daughter became known to her. Liszt was speaking to Mme. Gautier of her. Said Mme. Gautier, fearing an outburst of hostility, "I beg of you, do not say anything against your daughter to me. I am her partisan to such an extent that I cannot admit any blame. In the face of a personality so superhuman as Richard Wagner's, the prejudices and even the laws of men cannot prevail. . . . In Cosima's place, you would do as she does. . . ." Liszt grasped me warmly by the arm. "I am entirely of your opinion, but I may not express it," he said. "The habit which I wear imposes certain opinions which I cannot openly deny."

Seven-and-twenty years have passed since Richard Wagner died. There can be no indiscretion in withdrawing the veil that hid Wagner the man from sight. All thanks to Mme. Gautier for having done so. None will have anything but praise for her most illuminating book.

* "Wagner at Home." By Judith Gautier. (Mills and Boon. 10s. 6d. net.)

HER SAFEGUARD; OR, FORCE OF HABIT.



RACHEL: May I put on your coat, Abraham?

ABE: Vot for?

RACHEL: If the boat is upset, I know you vill try to save your coat.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE COURAGE OF DESPAIR.

By FRED M. WHITE.

THE thing was horrible, incredible! At first everybody refused to believe it. Men whispered it going up to business in tram and train: nobody seemed to be quite sure. It was as if some great royalty had been suddenly stricken by the hand of death. Such things happened, even to kings. But nobody had ever associated Lena Mars with a tragedy like this. She was a veritable queen of lightness and laughter, the acknowledged comédienne of two continents. There had never been anybody like her before; she was all the great ones in her own charming person. Only last night she had raised her audience to the wildest pitch of enthusiasm in her new comedy.

And now she was dead. She had been picked up dead, murdered, in the street!

By midday all the evening papers had it. Certainly here was a most amazing state of affairs. The great actress had left the theatre shortly before midnight. She had managed to shake off a wild crowd of admirers on the plea that she was supping with a friend at the Olympic. A taxi had set her down before the doors of that famous restaurant, and subsequently she had been seen to enter. But no friend awaited her there, and no supper had been ordered. Lena Mars had vanished from the Olympic in the most mysterious manner. The hall-porter who had admitted her was prepared to swear that she had not quitted the place.

Two hours later—to be precise, at 2.15 a.m.—the policeman on duty in Lanchester Square found a huddled heap of humanity lying on the pavement at the corner of Lanchester Place. He had noticed nothing a quarter of an hour before. He was surprised to find a woman richly dressed, her evening gown being covered with a long black cloak. A black-lace mantilla had been pulled over her splendid hair, the diamonds in her corsage, about her throat, and on her hands were untouched.

Clearly robbery was not the mainspring of the tragedy. There was no weapon to suggest suicide. X 75 bent down to examine the body more closely. . . .

He was not new to the force, he had seen many strange things in his time, but he caught his lip between his teeth and wiped his forehead. There was a tiny blue stain in the centre of the white brow, a wet crimson mass at the base of the scalp where the fair hair was all dedabbled. The woman lying there had been shot through the brain. X 75 blew his whistle, and presently there appeared a sergeant and two constables.

"It's Lena Mars," X 75 gasped. "Dead. Killed the last quarter of an hour. Shot through the brain. And robbery's got nothing to do with it."

The sergeant muttered something not complimentary to his subordinate. A moment later he had cause to change his opinion.

"You're right," he whispered. "Clutter, fetch the ambulance."

Half-an-hour later Captain Trevor Heaton was on the spot. The Chief Commissioner was away on sick leave, and Trevor Heaton was taking his place. It was the biggest case he had tackled single-handed, and he realised his responsibility. Unpleasant things had been said on his appointment, but the Chief was satisfied. He had no love for amateurs, as a rule, but Heaton was something more than that. He was a born criminologist.

"This is really an awful thing, Robertson," he said to the detective to whom the details had been delegated. "I was in the theatre to-night. A marvellous triumph. Never saw anything like it in my life before. . . . Got any details yet?"

"A few, Sir," Robertson explained. "Miss Mars had no appointment at the Olympic. No supper was ordered for her. Impossible that any friend of hers could have forgotten."

"Quite," Heaton agreed. "People don't forget appointments with celebrities like Lena Mars. What a sensation this will create to-morrow! Besides, if this 'friend' had been detained, he or she would have been certain to send a message. How long did Miss Mars stay at the Olympic?"

"The hall-porter doesn't know, Sir," Robertson explained. "She went there all right. He didn't see her go out."

"Was she carrying anything at the time, Robertson?"

"I asked that question, Sir," Robertson went on. "Miss Mars appears to have had a heap of some kind of wraps in her hand. Naturally, the hall-porter—"

"Quite so, Robertson," Heaton interrupted. "He wouldn't notice. Miss Mars had those wraps in the taxi with her. There was the cloak and the lace mantilla. They would squeeze up to nothing in the hand, though they were capable of enveloping the unfortunate lady from head to foot. Palpably they were her disguise. Her visit to the Olympic was a mere blind. She wanted to throw people off the track and keep some appointment that it was imperative should remain a secret. She probably turned into one of the

ladies' dressing-rooms at the Olympic and waited her chance. Muffled from head to foot, she walked out of the place without being recognised. She went on to the appointment that led to her death. She must have been shot point-blank as she turned out of Lanchester Place. Did the constable who found the body happen to hear any report?"

The constable had heard nothing. For the present there was no more to be done. It remained now to find the enemy who had done this thing. Who was it who had gone so far to get Lena Mars out of the way? And why? Lena Mars was at the head of her profession; she was running her own theatre to enormous business; she had heaps of admirers ready to gratify her lightest whim. And, so far as Trevor Heaton knew, the breath of scandal had never touched her. It was very hard to assign a motive for this terrible tragedy, to imagine the kind of enemy who had done this thing.

Had Lena been afraid of anybody? Certainly there was one person in the world who could compel her to keep a secret assignation. Perhaps she had a blackguardly husband in the background, or perhaps some early letters in the hands of a scoundrel. . . . But these people do not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs; besides, Lena Mars' famous diamonds had remained intact. Certainly, it was a baffling mystery.

London talked about nothing else all the next day. The inquest was formally opened and adjourned for a week. The medical evidence was of little use. Lena Mars had undoubtedly been shot through the brain by a small calibre revolver bullet, and the missile itself was not to be found. The greater part of the afternoon Heaton spent at the dead woman's flat looking over her private papers. He might have spared himself the trouble, for there was nothing here likely to be of the slightest assistance to him. The only thing was a puzzling telegram from Paris containing a date and an hour, also the signature "Zora." Heaton wondered where he had heard the name before. It flashed upon him presently that this was the name of a famous agent connected with the French Secret Service Department. He folded up the telegram thoughtfully, and placed it in his pocket. It might possibly be of use to him later on. The only outstanding feature of his search had been the amazing number of bills he had found. The whole place was littered with them, and many clamouring for payment. Later on in the afternoon Heaton went down to the theatre and sought an interview with the manager.

"I am going to ask you a pointed question, Mr. Rosscommon," he said. "Is it a fact that Miss Mars was heavily in debt?"

"Lord bless you, they all are," Rosscommon said cheerfully. "They wouldn't be happy without it. I should say that the poor girl was up to her neck in it. It makes me tired to think of the way the money was squandered. It gives me many an anxious moment, I can tell you. Of course, there are always plenty of people to help. . . . Princes and Dukes and Cabinet Ministers, even men like Sir Charles Scarborough—"

The manager pulled up discreetly and coughed. He had forgotten for the moment that his visitor had of late had his name coupled with that of the daughter of Sir Charles Scarborough, Minister for Foreign Affairs. Heaton appeared not to have noticed the indiscretion; his face was sternly thoughtful, but he was startled all the same. Here was one of the illuminating flashes that frequently burst from the darkest clouds.

It was rather a shock to find that the grave and reserved Foreign Secretary was on such familiar terms with Lena Mars. Sir Charles Scarborough came of a puritan stock, and professed a dislike for the frivolous side of life. It was a mild grievance to him that his only child, Constance, was so devoted to field sports. She was a beauty in her way, very clear-minded and possessed of the reputation that she would have cheerfully faced death before disgrace. No words of love had passed between Heaton and Constance Scarborough yet, but there was something like an understanding between them. Heaton found himself alone in the drawing-room at half-past seven. He had come a little early, more or less by arrangement, to get a few quiet words with Constance. She came in presently, a tall and graceful figure in her somewhat plainly cut evening dress. Heaton was struck by the pallor of her face, the sparkle of her eyes. It seemed to him that she was keeping a certain guard upon herself.

"I hardly expected you to-night," she said.

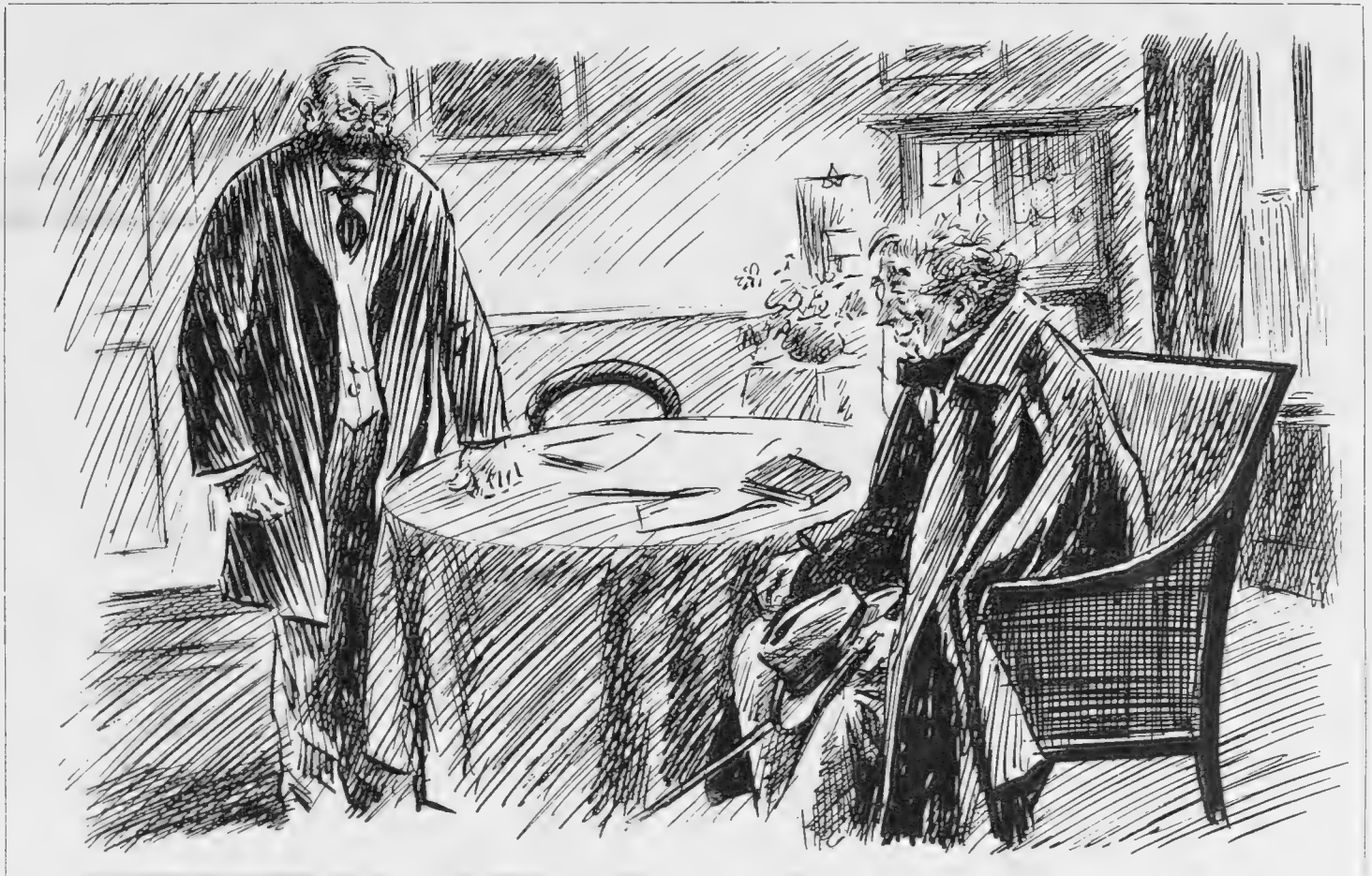
"Why?" Heaton asked.

"Well, I thought that you would be too busy. Haven't you got this dreadful Mars business in hand? The papers say so. They are full of it."

"Oh, well, I have done all I can for the moment," Heaton explained. "If they want me at Scotland Yard they know where I am to be found. What do you think of it?"

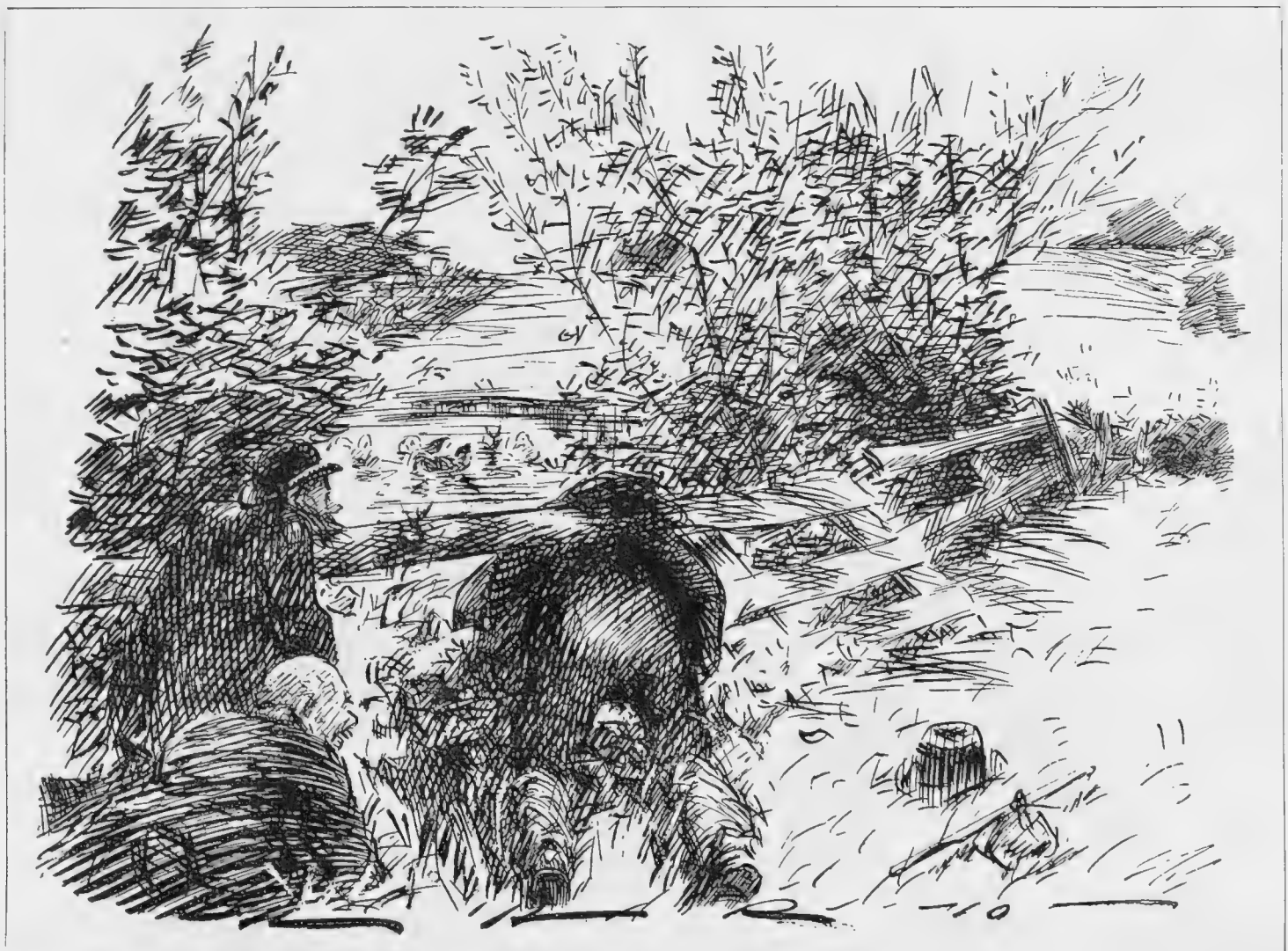
[Continued overleaf.]

HIGH LIVING AND SAD THINKING.



THE DOCTOR: Dear me! I'm surprised to see you in this condition again. If you disregard my orders, I shall refuse to treat you any more.
 THE PATIENT: Pon me word, laddie, you're the first man who's said that to me to-day!

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.



THE DYSPETIC (at the back): 'Eavins! If I'd'a known as we was a-goin' ter 'ave duck fer dinner, I'd'a got some carbonit o' soda in the town.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

"Dreadful, of course. I suppose you haven't found any . . . clue?"

"Nothing that you might call definite. But I begin to have an idea. It is only pure theory so far, of course, but it looks like working out correctly. It's a little strange that the poor woman should be found so near here."

The strange gleam came into the girl's splendid eyes again. Heaton could read fear and defiance there, and withal a certain wilful tenderness.

"That woman had an enemy," she said—"a bitter enemy. You may laugh at me, but I feel quite sorry for the author of the crime. Oh, it sounds wild and emotional, I know; but I am—"

"You are justifying a murder," Heaton said coldly. "Do you understand that?"

Constance laughed—there was something hard and bitter in her mirth. She passed her hand across her splendid eyes as if to wipe out something. Heaton could see that she was trembling; there was a curious sensation at his own heart, a throbbing in his throat.

"Oh, I understand," the girl went on. "Don't you believe that crime is justifiable at times? Can't you conceive a murder that might be condoned? I don't want you to think as a policeman now, but as a mere human being filled with the courage of despair. If the case were yours—"

"You mean that possibly for my sake. . . ."

"I do, Trevor. Suppose I loved you. . . . Well, I do. . . . Trevor, you are making it very hard for me. You should not have kissed me—yet. . . . Suppose you were in bitter trouble. Suppose that woman had caused it—she threatened to ruin your career—and I knew it. I would not hesitate. To save you I would kill her. I would, I would, I would!"

The last words came in a faint whisper. Constance's face was deadly pale; out of the set whiteness of it her eyes glamed like stars. Just for a moment Heaton was conscious of a sensation of giddiness. He had the strange feeling that he had gone through all this before. He ought to have been surprised and shocked, but he was conscious of nothing of the kind. The wild delirium of possession was uppermost in his mind. This splendid creature was his, she had confessed her love for him. She had held out her hands to him, and he had kissed her on the lips. Nothing else in the world seemed to matter now.

"Perhaps you are right," he murmured. "It is not one of the doctrines of my profession. I ought not to be here at the present moment; I ought not—oh! I ought not to do a hundred things. If your father heard you talk like this, Constance—"

Heaton stopped suddenly, for Sir Charles Scarborough was in the room. He came forward in his grave, impressive way and shook hands. A monument of impeccable respectability, Heaton thought. The square face, the firm jaw, the patch of grey whiskers, all engendered confidence. The man's air would have inspired trust in the Bank of England. Yet there was a certain twitching of the lips, a suggestion of horror and sorrow in the deep-set grey eyes. Sir Charles looked like one who has lost that which is very near and dear to him. His manner was oddly absent. It seemed strange to suggest furtiveness in connection with Sir Charles Scarborough, but it was there. And all the time Constance was watching him steadily.

"I had forgotten that you were dining here to-night," he said. "You are very busy."

"With the Mars case?" Heaton asked. He saw the dull, ashy grey creep over the Foreign Secretary's face. "For the moment there is not much to be done. They know where to call me on the telephone if they need me. A strange case, Sir Charles."

"Very," Scarborough said. "And nothing stranger than the absence of motive. That, I apprehend, will be one of your greatest stumbling-blocks."

Scarborough was speaking in his slow, incisive way, yet his eyes gleamed as he asked the question.

"Have you ever heard of a man called Zora?" Heaton demanded suddenly.

The Foreign Secretary started. His face turned a shade greyer. "A spy," he stammered. "In the pay of the French Government. A most remarkable man, whom our authorities would give much to lay by the heels. I have heard of him."

"I thought that in your official capacity you would," Heaton went on. "If we could catch Zora, he would get at least twenty years. He could tell us much about Lena Mars."

A clock on the mantelpiece chimed half-past seven on a peal of silver bells. A solemn butler announced that dinner was served. Scarborough stood there as if he had heard nothing. He came to himself with a start as Constance laid a hand on his arm. He walked into the dining-room with the air of a man who dreams. He ate fitfully and in silence. He started at sounds that came in from the street; the ripple of the front-door bell brought him to his feet. The butler came in with a square package heavily sealed, which he laid by the side of Heaton's plate.

"I was to give you this at once, Sir," the butler said.

"Would you mind if I opened the letter now, Sir Charles?" Heaton asked.

Scarborough nodded. The table was cleared of all but the wine and fruit; the silver cigarette-box stood before the host. Heaton waited till the door was closed. He read his letter in silence. From the bulky envelope he produced another packet jealously sealed. Sir Charles gazed at it with fallen jaw and eyes that seemed to be held by some nameless fascination. His face gleamed moist in the lamplight.

"One of my men brought this to me," Heaton explained. "I am going to tell you something in the strictest confidence, Sir Charles. You were speaking just now of the absence of motive in

the Mars case. The absence of motive was terribly against me; but by good fortune I found the motive. It was in the form of a telegram from Zora that I found among Lena Mars' papers. Zora is a spy in the confidence of the French Government. That being so, what did he want to make an appointment with Lena Mars for? What had she to do with international affairs?"

"It seems rather a difficult question to answer," Sir Charles said.

"On the face of it, yes. But having once got my clue, the rest was easy. Lena Mars was up to her neck in debt and difficulty. She was lovely and fascinating, and she had a fine courage. She was just the woman that Zora might use for his purpose—he got hold of those papers relating to a proposal for an understanding between this country and Germany as to a settlement of the armament question. At that delicate stage it was essential that France should know nothing. Zora decided otherwise. He picked out Lena Mars as his intermediary. Probably he promised her £100,000 for those papers. And she got them."

"Certain documents are missing," Sir Charles said hoarsely.

"Yes. I was only certain of this when the letter came. We laid a trap for Zora and he was arrested at Dover this afternoon. He was watched and tracked to a certain place where I imagined the papers were despatched in waiting for him, and so it proved. It was theory on my part, but my deduction was correct. Zora was arrested with the papers in his hand before he had broken the seal. He knew that his Government could not interfere, he knew that that was part of the game. He knew that for the next twenty years he would be an inmate of an English prison. That is why he committed suicide. He took prussic acid before the police could stop him. Perhaps it was as well."

"And—and those papers?" the Foreign Secretary stammered.

"Are yours," Heaton said coldly. "I am asking no questions. No harm has been done, and there need not be any gossip. I am not asking how Lena Mars obtained possession of them."

Scarborough grabbed for the papers with a trembling hand.

"It is impossible to say," he murmured. "But you have done me a service I can never repay. If you will be good enough to excuse me for a moment—perhaps I had better go as far as my office. Constance will look after you. There are one or two things I wish to compare—"

Sir Charles hastened from the room. Constance rose from her chair with a challenge in her eyes.

"Come into the drawing-room," she said. "I have something to tell you. . . . Please close the door. Trevor, you know exactly how and why Lena Mars died. Tell me the story."

"It is largely a matter of construction," Heaton said. "Your father came under the fascinating sway of that woman. He did not guess what she was after; he thought she loved him. With her beauty and her devilish arts she fooled him. When a man of his type gives way to a passion of that kind he surrenders everything that men hold dear—ambitions, career, honour itself. All was sacrificed to the glamour of the moment. He met her in secret, she came here when the house was asleep. Is not that so?"

Constance bowed her head silently.

"The thing was found out," Heaton went on. "Someone to whom the honour of Charles Scarborough was very dear discovered everything. It was another woman, of course. Seeing how matters stood, she did not disclose anything, she did not plead or scold. She could see how useless it all was. She knew that sooner or later there would be a terrible scandal, and that Sir Charles would lose his honour and position. She guessed nothing of the real reason why Lena Mars came here—she only saw the moral side of it. So far as she could tell, there was only one way out of it. Lena Mars must die."

Constance looked up from the seat she had taken with a certain dull approval in her eyes.

"You are a wonderful man, Trevor," she said. "And it is all as you say. Then you did not suspect that my poor unhappy father had any hand—"

"No. He was too far gone for that. And on the night of Lena Mars' death he was from home. It was the—the woman I have spoken of who telephoned to Lena Mars to come here. She came expecting to see Sir Charles, but the—the woman I speak of saw her instead. And the woman followed her into the square and shot her with one of those new air-pistols. The woman I speak of is quite a good shot. It was all quite easy, though the crime would be difficult to prove."

"What do you think of that woman?" Constance demanded.

"We will discuss that in the years to come," Heaton said. "In the old days she would have been a heroine; poets would have written epics in her honour. But she took her life in her hands for the sake of her home and those she loved. Perhaps in some fascinating—"

"Trevor," Constance gasped, "Trevor, you don't mean to say that you—"

"Indeed I do," Trevor went on. "Before I came out I wrote my resignation to Scotland Yard. I am pleading my old lung trouble to make an excuse for going to Texas to settle. I couldn't go on with my profession after this. And I couldn't give you up, Constance. Now perhaps you can understand my sympathy with your father. Say I am mad if you like, say that I am wanting in my duty. Constance!"

He held out his hands to her and she flitted into his arms.

"I am a murderess," she said firmly. "A murderess! Do you understand?"

"It is all the same," Heaton said a little wearily. "And I love you all the same. I am blinded to the horror of it. And just because I love you, dear, why. . . ."

THE END.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE Kaiser's resolve to drink mineral waters instead of his accustomed beer at the manoeuvres is no sudden whim of "Sudden William"—as he was called by one who discovered his character while he was still in the nursery. He has often been on the brink of teetotalism—the official teetotalism of the soldier who exacts the fullest measure of efficiency from his troops. But in this matter, at least, he is not fanatical, and his Generals and officers in attendance will drink of wines carried from the imperial cellars without compunction. Much as he would like his friends to hand on the example he himself sets, he no more dreams of stopping the bottle at his own table than a certain Bishop of Cork. "If you are Cork, you should stop the bottle," said Archbishop Whately chaffingly to his friend at a jovial dinner. "But your Grace is drawing me out," was the plaintive reply.

Prince Henry. Prince Henry of Prussia, who comes here as a motorist, is first of all a sailor. A Lieutenant in 1881, he served for over twenty years before he reached Admiral's rank, and was known as an officer completely equipped and most ambitious for Germany's future on the water when, in 1906, he assumed command of the High Sea Fleet. America he knows well, and England, of course, better. He has sailed in a "Zeppelin"; and his automatic device for cleaning the wind-screens of motor-cars while they are travelling is but one expression of a very varied mechanical ingenuity.

Mother Earth. While the Prime Minister and Mr. Balfour trudge the links, Lord Rosebery holds aloof from the proverbial playground of politicians. His connection with golf is a simple one, as he has explained. It consists of a parcel of radiant clubs—their brightness untarnished by any use—given him by an Edinburgh club. His non-participation reminds one of Mark Twain. One day, refusing to play, Mark consented to walk round the links with a Congressman who was showing him hospitality in Washington. The Congressman, no

familiar of London figures. He has told the story of a cabby who, recognising his fare, reproved him for the *tempo* he adopted as the leader of the Royal Choral Society. Sir Frederick ventured to controvert his critic's contention that he took the great choruses too fast. "Oh, yes, you do," said the man on the box, flourishing his whip like a bâton; "and although they gain in brilliancy by that, they lose in majesty."

Unwelcome Advice. Miss Winifred Tollemache, who in October becomes the wife of the distinguished architect, Mr. Detmar Blow, does a bold thing, she is warned, in marrying the man who builds the houses she will live in. No doubt, matrimony will prove the one way to keep the peace between the designer of a home and its inhabitant, between whom there is proverbial warfare. So delicate is the relationship that it does not even require a smoking chimney or a cramped dining-room to break it: a word will do. When Lord X. Y. Z., whose eldest



THE HOBBLE-SKIRT RACE IN PROGRESS.



THE HOBBLE-SKIRTED LADIES FORMED UP IN LINE FOR THE START OF THE "SACK RACE."
SKIRTS IN PLACE OF SACKS: A RACE FOR WEARERS OF THE HOBBLE DRESS.

A week or two ago "The Illustrated London News" published a most interesting drawing of "La Course des Entravées." This showed a race, at a Parisian fête, in which, in a manner, the fashionable hobble skirts took the place of sacks. A similar race was held the other day at some sports at the Buffalo Velodrome, in Paris. Our photographs depict this. It need scarcely be said that the competitors found it very difficult to run; some of them, indeed, gained greater speed by hopping kangaroo fashion.—[Photographs by Topical Press.]

great hand at teeing-off, sent clouds of dust flying in all directions, and then, to cover his confusion, said: "What do you think of our links here, Mr. Clemens?" "Best I ever tasted," said his guest, wiping the dirt from his lips with a handkerchief.

"Westminster Bridge." Many congratulations are reaching Charterhouse, Godalming, and the Cloisters, Westminster, on the engagement of Sir Frederick Bridge's only son, Mr. Reginald Turle Bridge, to Miss Margaret Isabel Nix. Sir Frederick has been organist at the Abbey for thirty-five years, and is, within Abbey precincts, one of the most

son was known as a cause of some anxiety, was going over his newly built house, the architect showed him the wine cellar with some pride. "The great thing, you know," he said to his client, "is to keep out the sun and air." Later he realised why he had said the wrong words. Miss Tollemache, who by her marriage wins Miss Trevelyan, of "Wendy" fame, for her sister-in-law, is a daughter of the late Hon. Hamilton Tollemache. It was the mother of the Lady Bridget Tollemache famous for her wit who, unlike her daughter in that respect, informed George III. that Lord Worthington's house, The Grange, was built by Indigo Jones. As the King replied, "I thought so, by the style," he may be said to have shared the lady's error in blue. Miss Tollemache, unlike the elder lady of her name, has a wonderfully shrewd eye for architecture.

Party Links. The Duke of Argyll has written of golf that—

It gives to the bad the sleep of the just:
It lays the proud low in the bunker of dust.

And yet news of royal and noble victories come every day from the North. The Duchess of Connaught is no less successful than the Duchess of Marlborough, who has recently developed a vehement affection for the game. Meanwhile the commoners, seeming not to be in their accustomed form, look in vain to Mr. Balfour for a great example. Mrs. Asquith, it is true, does, like her guest the Duchess of Connaught, win her games, but Mr. Lloyd George tries in vain to repeat the single stroke of genius that illuminates his career with the clubs—the "hole in one" he scored at Cannes. Meanwhile, that great and ancient player, Lord Wemyss, is driven to the links that he may observe, with no little twinkling of his bright eye, the respective merits of Conservative and Liberal putting.



By HENRY LEACH.

Things Seen. Players often say that one game of golf is, in its essential features, very much like another, and that, in a sense, one golf course is very much like another. I have said these things myself, and at the same time have realised the deep subtlety of meaning in the observations, and also their entire absurdity. What justifies them chiefly is that the man of long experience on many courses has often much difficulty in recalling features and incidents. He becomes so much absorbed in his game, and devotes so much attention to keeping his eye on the ball and on nothing but the ball, that he remembers little afterwards except the shots that he played, the shockingly bad lies with which he was frequently and most undeservedly punished, and the bunkers that he just missed, or, unfortunately, did not miss. People seem to think, however, that I who write am a kind of official noticer and recorder, specially appointed to serve their own curiosity, and already I am getting letters of inquiry from correspondents. During the last few weeks I have been golfing in Scotland, Wales, and in many parts of England—on the east, south, and west coasts—and have made notes of some odd points and impressions. When the ordinary or private golfer goes away for his holiday he is commonly most interested in the clubs that everyone else is using. In these full-of-golf days of his he gives his mind up most completely to the contemplation of clubs and possible improvements in them. He is greatly impressed by some new kind of thing that there is in the bag of a man he meets, and buys one like it; and, what with all this fancying and buying, fashions are established for the season in certain new forms of clubs. I think this is a good thing; because it all helps towards the evolution and improvement of clubs in general; and the just and deserved success of the "Dreadnought" drivers, and of some recent modifications in irons, convinces me that we do not yet know all about clubs and club-making that is worth knowing.

A Fashionless Season.

It is my impression, however, that this has been the most fashionless season in this respect that we have had for some time, and there may be reasons for it. We are hardly ready yet for another big boom in some special kind of driver. Then again the season has been, to some extent, broken up by the queer weather; and the want of sunlight and the excess of moisture has resulted in the state of courses being less abnormal than usual at this time of the year. We have not been getting so much

run on the ball as usual, and it is only when we do this, and are driving really much further than we ought to do, that we think of trying to find some new kind of driver that will help us to move the ball on even a few more yards from the tee. What I have noticed this time is that golfers are certainly using wooden clubs with longer faces than before—this, no doubt, being one of the effects of the "Dreadnought" fashion; and here and there I have encountered men who have become much attached to a new kind of club that Jack White has brought out. It has a stiff shaft and a very

long and narrow head, and the face is correspondingly long and rather shallow. The said face is appreciably longer than that of the "Dreadnought"; and, whatever may be the driving merits of the club, it is certainly one that inspires much confidence. The men who have become attached to it say that they pull and slice much less now than they did before. At the beginning of the season, a vogue seemed to be setting in for a new kind of iron club which is a cross between a mashie and a niblick, and yet is not the ordinary mashie niblick which became popular three or four seasons back, but is rather longer in the face, heavier, and has some other features of its own.

For Approaching.

It was not really a new idea, either, for odd specimens of its class have been in use here and there for a long time past; but it was only at the beginning of this season that the variety began to be really popular. Some makers called it the "pitcher"; and J. H. Taylor brought out a modification of the club which he called the "quickstop." It is one of the best things I have tried for making short, high pitches, giving practically no run to the ball; in fact, you can do the same shots with it that you can with the niblick, and at rather longer range.

It would have been a splendid club for approaching to very hard, fiery greens, with a bunker guarding them just in front; but, as it happens, the greens have been much less hard and fiery this holiday season than usual, and so the difficulty of getting the ball near to the hole and making it stay there has been less pronounced. One thing that has considerably impressed me—and I regard it as a very important feature of the present state of golf—is the increased demand for the cheaper and second-class balls as against the half-crown articles. The general public is not taking nearly so agreeably to the rise in price as was expected, and I have been to several courses lately where hardly anything else was being sold but balls at one-and-six and one-and-nine. I will tell of more "things seen" next week.



1. THE EIGHTH GREEN OF MUD; AND THE BUNKER GUARDING IT.

2. QUITE A CELESTIAL SPOT: THE CLUB HOUSE.

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN WEI-HAI-WEI: THE LOCAL GOLF CLUB.

The greens of the Wei-Hai-Wei Golf Club are all of mud, rolled flat, that form of green having been found best in view of the local climate.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Sign-Posts Not Better in France.

"They do these things better in France," is a pronouncement that quite frequently assails British ears, and quite as frequently the statement has a foundation in truth. Instance the administration of such laws as govern the use of automobiles, which makes a startling contrast to the pharisaical, persecutive, plundering spirit in which the Motor Act of 1900 is interpreted on this side of the Channel. But I see it stated by a well-known motor scribe that the French system of sign-posting the highways and byways affords a model to the authorities in this country. With this assertion I join issue to the uttermost. It is some years since I motored in France, but the system is the same to-day, and I am bound to say that motorists found it then, and still find it to-day, both perplexing and exasperating. It might serve a pedestrian, using a large scale map; it is of little avail to the cyclist, and of no use to the automobilist.

The Old White Arms for Choice.

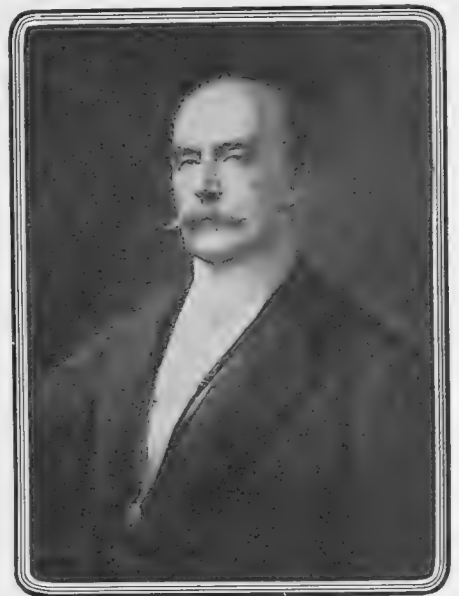
In all cases the sign-posts, or *poteaux*, are of iron, with the name of the district or village given in fairly large capitals in the centre of the arm. But it is seldom that a motorist wants to know where he

Aviation's Debt to Automobilism.

The necessity for abnormally strong and tough fabric in the manufacture of motor-tyres has proved almost as salient a factor in the success of the aeroplane as the development of the internal-combustion engine in connection with the motor-car. That the two industries are so linked together is obvious from the fact that two at least of the great motor-tyre-making firms supply aeroplane fabric to all the leading aeroplane makers. This is particularly so with the Continental Tyre Company, for the "Voisin," upon which M. Bielovucie made the most successful, if not longest, town-to-town flight, and the plane upon which M. Armand Dufaix successfully crossed Lake Geneva were fitted with Continental Aeroplane Fabric.

How Smooth Tyres May be Used.

When, maybe, the Road Board is a hundred years or so old, and Rees Jeffries a sun-myth, non-skidding tyres will be as extinct as the dodo, in view of the perfect roads which will then obtain. But until then, I fear me, non-skids must remain, though comfort, economy, and quietude, on dry roads at least, cry aloud for smooth covers. Still, the modern practice of carrying a spare wheel or spare rim, with tyre inflated and mounted, makes possible under certain conditions the use of four smooth covers, at least on light and medium-weight cars. Not altogether smooth, however, for if a steel-studded cover be mounted on the spare rim, I should adopt Dunlop cross-cut covers on the near steering and offside driving road-wheels. Dunlop detachable-rims all round would largely make for simplification and dispatch.



THE MOTORIST WHO HAS OFFERED TO TRANSFORM THE IRISH JARVEY INTO A TAXI-DRIVER: MR. HARVEY DU CROS, J.P. Mr. Harvey Du Cros, the Chairman of the Dunlop Tyre Company, is interesting himself in the car-drivers of Dublin. That they may not be thrown out of work when taxi-cabs come into general use (as they probably will soon) in that city, Mr. Du Cros has offered to have the men taught the mechanism of taxi-cabs and the way to drive them, without any expense to themselves. He is sending cabs and instructors to Dublin, and it is expected that hundreds of carmen will avail themselves of his generous offer. He makes it a condition that there shall be no business dealings of any kind with him in the matter.

From the Fainting by Tennyson Cole.



"MOWING" THE WATER: A FRENCH METHOD OF DEALING WITH RIVER-WEEDS.

We have heard of ploughing the sands, also of sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind; but "mowing" the water seems to be something of a novelty. Our photographs illustrate a new French method of cutting the weeds and raking them from the surface of a river by means of a boat fitted with special machinery. In this photograph the rake is seen being raised.—[Photograph by Boyer.]

is—he is generally in possession of that knowledge; his requirement is information as to the name of the next good-sized town or village, its direction, and its distance. Now this is what the average *poteau* does not give him. In the generality of cases, and particularly on the *routes départementales* and *vicinales*, only the names and distances of places so insignificant that frequently they are not shown on maps of a scale of a 250,000th are given, with directing arrows, the letters and arrows being so small that the former cannot be read without bringing the car to rest, or near it. So lacking in system as our old white-armed, black-lettered finger-posts may be, they do, when they occur, afford comprehensible and legible information to the motorist *en passant*.

England Lags Behind.

It would appear that the British Army is to lag behind the armies of other nations in the matter of military aviation, as it does in nearly everything else. After twelve months' coquetting with aeroplaning, what time various aviators stood round with their tongues in their cheeks, our defensive force will have to wait for their aerial scouting until for very shame some or other of our officers put their hands into their own pockets to provide the sinews of war. France is not so foolish. Already aeroplanes are hovering over the plains of Picardy, and demonstrating their usefulness in connection with the manoeuvres now being held in that old province. The generals in command of the opposed forces will between them have the services of eleven aeroplanes and four dirigibles. Special allowances are to be made to French officers engaged in special aerial duties. The French do not propose to neglect a factor in the warfare of the future which they as a nation have done so much to perfect. When will our War Office take a leaf out of the Continental book?



THE HARVEST OF THE STREAM: GATHERING UP THE WEEDS MOWN BY THE FLOATING REAPER.

This photograph shows a second stage in the process of mowing the water. The rakes have been shipped, and the weeds they have cut are being gathered in with a sort of aquatic pitchfork. Photograph by Boyer.

[Continued on a later page.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Ante-Post Betting. There are supposed to be a few books open on the Autumn Handicaps, but I am inclined to think that backers would do much better by waiting until the day, and then take the starting price about their fancies. The reason why the prices offered in the London clubs are so short previous to the day of the race is because the Continental men have their agents here ready to do hedging. These gentlemen are always on the look-out for any prices that are anywhere approaching fair, and they swallow these up, to the detriment of owners and the public generally. I really believe that we owe to these people the introduction of starting-price coups; but the bookmakers on the course have from experience learned to put the danger-signal up against stables that work jobs; and, as a result, it is no uncommon thing to have a layer in Tattersall's offering 10 to 1 against a certain horse before the start, and 100 to 8 immediately the white flag has fallen. One thing is certain in the matter of big handicaps: owners no longer have their commissions worked until just before the time for the start, and in many cases they profit by acting thus, as they get the benefit of competition, and are no longer compelled to take the cramped prices offered by the few men who have ante-post betting-books open. A favourite way with a professional backer when working a starting-price job is to allocate a fixed sum to the leading bookmakers in each big town in Great Britain and Ireland on the strict understanding that none of the money is sent

The Middle Park Plate and the Dewhurst Plate appeal in the main to losers of two-year-old races only; but the Derby Cup, which will be decided on Nov. 18, always has attracted a big crowd since the distance has been altered from a mile to a mile and three quarters. It is in the autumn of the year that horses are sent out to earn the winter's keep, and for that very reason winners are difficult to find. Pure Gem is sure to be a good thing for the Cesarewitch, and The Story is fancied for the Cambridgeshire. Swynford, who won the St. Leger, has a penalty for the Duke of York Stakes.

Hurst Park.

I was surprised to find that the Hurst Park Racing Syndicate only declared a dividend of 4 per cent. for the year ending July 31, instead of the usual 10 per cent., but a glance at the report is instructive as showing how the abandonment of a big meeting in the neighbourhood of London means a big loss to the company. Thus we read that the abandonment of the Whit-suntide Bank Holiday

PRINCE L. LUBOMIRSKI'S KSIAZE PAN (WINGFIELD UP).



THE ST. LEGER THAT HAS COST LORD DERBY 1000 BUSBIES: SWYNFORD (FRANK WOOTTON UP) WINS THE GREAT RACE.

The St. Leger resulted in a surprise win for Swynford. Lemberg, the Derby winner, was third. The only foreign competitor, Prince Lubomirski's Ksiaz Pan, was not placed. The win will cost Lord Derby 1000 busbies, which he promised to provide if Swynford won, for the 5th Battalion of the King's Liverpool Regiment, of which he is Hon. Colonel.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

back to the course. I once knew a big bookmaker in the West End of London who welcomed these bets, as he was able to turn backer and make money out of his brother commission agents.

Future Events.

All the classics of the year have now been decided, and there are very few big races to be run before the season closes. The Prince Edward Handicap, to be decided at Manchester on Saturday, will attract a big crowd to Castle Irwell; but handicaps in the North seldom yield well now, if we except the Liverpool Autumn Cup and the Manchester November Handicap, which will be run on Nov. 11 and Nov. 26 respectively. I am glad to notice that the executive of the Manchester Meeting are going in for giving big prizes for handicaps. The Jockey Club Stakes, to be run at Newmarket on Sept. 29, will be a tame affair. I expect to see a capital race for the Newbury Autumn Cup on Sept. 23, as many good horses have been left in. The Duke of York Stakes, fixed to be run on Oct. 8, will, as usual, prove a draw, while Newmarket will be crowded on Oct. 12 for the Cesarewitch, and on Oct. 26 for the Cambridgeshire.

fixture, owing to the lamented death of his Majesty King Edward, resulted in a decrease in the profits for the year of £5400, or approximately sufficient to pay 8 per cent. on the subscribed capital. By-the-bye, the big business establishments are supposed to insure the life of the monarch, and it may be that racecourse companies will follow this plan. It seems that running a racecourse

is a very expensive undertaking. Thus we find under the heading of salaries, £2615; while rent, rates, and taxes amount to £1935. Then under the heading of racing expenses is found this item—wages, £1029. All these are heavy items, and they require a lot of getting; but it can be easily seen how valuable a Bank Holiday fixture is to a Metropolitan racecourse, and the wonder is how the Sandown people were content for so long to be without one. As the Kempton Park Jubilee Meeting was also abandoned, the Sunbury dividend will, I should say, suffer somewhat, unless it is decided to draw on the reserve. As I have explained before, Sandown and Kempton are not restricted in the matter of dividend by the Jockey Club; but Hurst Park is not allowed to pay a higher amount than 10 per cent. per annum to its shareholders. This being the case, one wonders why it was decided to carry forward £2700—equal, by-the-bye, to a 2 per cent. dividend. I do not believe in paying dividends out of capital, but I do think that the profits should all be distributed in an exceptional year like the present one.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Church and Skirt.

It is in the fitness of things that Rome should not be precisely "in the movement," but it is singularly inappropriate that the Church should be threatening with all its thunders the wearers of the tied-in skirt—just when it has gone out. For no longer are the Entravées, as they are called here, in the fashion; they already look bad style, and will soon be transformed into ordinary human creatures again, with enough width in their petticoats to take a long step or get into a carriage. I suppose the narrow-banded skirt is now at the height of its mode in Italy, as it was in London last spring, for are not the priests refusing absolution to the wearers of these grotesque garments, and even prohibiting them from assisting at Mass? The Roman Church, in this, exhibits an unusual lack of humour, tolerance, and knowledge of human affairs. For fashion nowadays changes so completely every six months that it is not the business of the Sovereign Pontiff to keep up with its vagaries; by the time the Church has decided to anathematise a mode the most frivolous woman is herself tired of it. The absurdity, the hideousness of certain modern fashions carry within them, at their very birth, their own sentence of death. No reasoning human creature—not even a modern *mondaine*—could wear them long without losing, not only her self-respect, but her prestige as a pretty woman.

The Decay of French Politeness.

M. Jules Claretie, in *Le Temps*, bemoans the disappearance of old-fashioned French courtesy, and thinks that the modern young Parisian, who copies the Londoner not only in his clothes but in the fashion of clean-shaving, is borrowing, also, the Anglo-Saxon lack of ceremony. The famous director of the Théâtre Français is of opinion that when his younger contemporaries shaved off their moustaches they parted with the last vestiges of Gallic romance and gallantry. The moustache, he declares, suggested the Three Musketeers; it was conquering and witty, subtle or aggressive, but it was always very French. Clean-shaving, he insists, is apt to make everyone look alike. It is true that nothing will induce a foreigner to believe that the Anglo-Saxon manner, with its simplicity, dignity, and reticence, is anything but a mask for coldness and selfishness. Certainly they do not suspect the truth, which is that the modern well-bred young Englishman or American is the only really polite and chivalrous man on earth. The Parisian *gommeux*, who sends for his clothes from London, shaves his upper lip, and affects *la morgue anglaise*, is perhaps the most disagreeable being at present tolerated in our cosmopolitan society. And, as a rule, it is better for men and women of various nationalities to stick to their own ideals, their racial characteristics. To ape another civilisation is not only to make oneself ridiculous, but to court disaster.

A Normandy Fête.

It was held, of course, on a Sunday, and it began with High Mass—with priests in gorgeous raiment fit for a box at Covent Garden in the season, a fiery Dominican friar to preach at us, offerings of *pain bénit* tied up with coloured ribbons on a kind of scarlet ambulance stretcher, and a brass band from the neighbouring seaport. These musicians performed, to the Protestant mind, the most amazing Church music ever heard within the walls of a consecrated building; it consisted of Sousa marches, languorous ballet strains, and spirited bits of Wagner when the supreme moment of the Church's ceremony was, so to speak, "coming off." It played us out of the little chapel perched on the side of the hill among green woods, and, at a later period of the fête, when all the scarlet lanterns were lighted, it marched us all up and down the country road in a joyous polonaise, with lanterns swinging, fishermen singing, farm-girls giggling in ecstasy, as a prelude to the open-air ball on the edge of the sea. Before the dancing began on the wooden boards, surrounded by dwarf trees and greenery, with Havre and its electric lights spread out like a fairy city on the opposite shore, we had races on stilts, shooting at Gallic Aunt Sallies, pelting with paper confetti, much consumption of cider, and fireworks galore. Costume, alas! has entirely disappeared from this sophisticated coast, so that the one little Breton girl, with her peach-like face, her black gown, and her snowy Brittany cap and apron, won triumphantly her place as Belle of the Ball.

"D'mandez les Rois de l'Air!"

Just as I write, the great aviation meeting at Deauville is finishing, and the hundreds of hawkers of postcards, toys, and souvenirs who have swept down from Paris are shouting the names of the "Kings of the Air." Although the famous Leblanc, hero of the Circuit de l'Est, is here, there is no doubt that the young and audacious Hubert Latham—who looks a mere boy as he swoops past you in his Antoinette monoplane—is the favourite of the crowd. All the professional aviators are young, it is true; but now that Général Maunoury, commanding the Twentieth Army Corps, has been up in a military aeroplane as a passenger, and has duly inspected the German frontier, "flying" cannot be considered a sport for youth alone. For beauty, the monoplanes far outshine their bi-plane rivals, for there is something clumsy and box-like

about the famous Wright invention. It does not soar to the heavens nor glide to earth with the exquisite grace of the monoplane, which looks, in the distance, like some monstrous dragon-fly. And in the white spaces of the air a machine must be beautiful. If Man, in his arrogance, sets out to compete with the birds and butterflies, he must not look less beautiful than they. And in an "Antoinette," in point of grace, he can hold his own.



[Copyright.]

FOR COUNTRY WEAR: A TWEED COAT AND SKIRT
SKETCHED AT KENNETH DURWARD'S, ULSTER HOUSE,
CONDUIT STREET, W.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-Out-of-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

September in
Scotland.

The Scotch season is at its height this month, after the Northern Meetings; at its close, sportsmen and sportswomen go South for

partridge-shooting and cubbing. At the moment, deer-stalking is at its height and grouse-shooting still in progress. There has been excellent rod-fishing, too, for the rains have been heavy and the rivers in good ply. Golf goes gaily all the time. The Duchess of Marlborough has gone South from Beaufort Castle, and has been golfing at Gosford, where she has been the guest of the Earl and Countess of Wemyss. The Duchess of Sutherland, who is, in the intervals of her many interests, a keen golfer, has not yet come North, but is expected about the 24th. There is a house-party at Dunrobin Castle. Last week, there were out on the Brora Links the Duchess of Portland, playing a match, Lady Victoria Bentinck, and Miss Milner (daughter of Sir Frederick Milner, and one of her Grace's house-party) both playing in a competition, which Miss Milner won. Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox and Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower played in a foursome against the Marquess of Stafford and Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster are at Lochmore Lodge, in Reay Forest, where they have a small party for stalking. The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, a Scotswoman, is visiting up here among friends and relatives. There was a large house-party on the 9th at Langholme Lodge in celebration of the Duke of Buccleuch's seventy-ninth birthday. The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe are entertaining partly at Floors Castle, partly at their shooting-lodge of Byrecluch; the Duke and Duchess of Montrose are at Buchanan Castle; and the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton are in the North; so we have a very fair share of the Dukes and Duchesses in Debreit up here.

Becky Sharp Dogs. The renowned Becky would never have appointed a sheep-dog that minded its business like a trained Northerner and permitted so little license on the part of its charges. Up here in the North, sheep-dog trials take the place of race-meetings. There was a specially interesting one last week in the park at Dunrobin Castle. The champion dog of Great Britain, owned by Shepherd Scott, of Roxburghshire, ran a trial, as did a younger animal of the same owners. They brought up five sheep, put them twice through hurdles, then shed two off, put them together again, and penned them all in less than the given space of fifteen minutes. Also, they shed one sheep, and kept it from joining the other four until a signal was given. The champions worked by signal only. The other dogs, hardly less clever, ran to order. It was quite beautiful to watch them at work, to see them crouch and crawl, and never take their eyes off their headstrong, stupid charges, doing it all in silence: barking takes points off them.

The Lithe Lady. The styles for the immediate future are simple and slender still. Our enemy, the hobble, is in parlous case. Its most devoted adherent hardly sees her way to slip along Japanesquely through the slush and mud of late autumn and winter. Slim, however, our clothes must be. If our clothing of flesh be not also slim, then are we deserving of deep sympathy, for it is a virtue that cannot be assumed. To aid and abet the desire for slimmest the new fabrics are simple and clinging. Brocades are in again, but not the independent, stand-alone kind dear to our grandmothers. The new varieties cling as the ivy to the tree.

Even the serges have a cashmere clinginess about them, characteristic of the affectionate disposition of all the new fabrics. There will be no revival of frillies and dainty underskirts before next year, about which time I hope for their rentrée with the flowers that bloom in the spring.

The Leading Lady.

The woman who leads in fashion must be adaptable.

She must be ready, so soon as a new style is hinted at, to adopt it wholesale. Her best friends may be unable to suppress a gasp of surprise when, without warning, they see her changed from picturesque to severe, or from frivolous to classical. Surprise will, an she be an efficient leading lady, soon be merged in appreciation, progressing to admiration, and then to enthusiasm. Nowadays there are many styles and many leaders; a few favoured ladies lead the fashions, and they are

adaptable as a smart milliner's mannequin, the first qualification of whom is a frame neat and slight enough to be made into any kind of figure, the second a face mobile enough to suit any style of hair-dressing, and the third a lack of character, or the power to conceal any evidence of any. This, in the leading lady, must be replaced by the histrionic ability to appear in the character of her costume.

Holiday Competition.

So great has been the interest shown in Wright's Coal Tar Soap View Competition, of which particulars were given in these columns, that the Proprietors have decided to double the prizes—the first, twenty guineas; the second, ten; and the third, six. It will be remembered that the competition consists in supplying the right names to a collection of views of holiday-resorts contained in a booklet which can be had free from any chemist or by enclosing a penny stamp direct to "Seaside," Proprietors of Wright's Coal-

Tar Soap.
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[DRAWN BY REGINALD CARTER.]

LADY VISITOR (after passing a few remarks about weather): Is it going to be fine to-morrow?

OLD SALT: No, Mum. Wet day to-morrow, Mum.

LADY VISITOR: But you told my husband not five minutes ago it would be a fine day!

OLD SALT: That may be, Mum. But you see, I can't rule the weather, and as two or three 'undred people ask me that question every day, I tell 'em in turn, wet, then fine; so, however it turn out, I'm right with some of 'em.

ner; "Tommy, Lad" (Margetson), sung by Mr. Harry Dearth (bass); gems from "The Belle of Brittany" (Howard Talbot), given by the Light Opera Company, solo, chorus, and orchestra; and including "Two Giddy Goats," "Daffodil Time" (a whistling number), "Stepping Stones," and the Finale; and "The Merry Widow" Waltz (Lehar), played by Signor Mosé Tapiero on the ocarina.

Included in the September list of new records issued by the Gramophone Company are the following items: the "Lorely Paraphrase" (Josef Nesvadba), played by the Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards; the "Folie Bergère" March (Fletcher), played by the same band; the Phryne Waltz (Zuleta), and Dreamlight Waltz (Benyon), played by Iff's Orchestra; "Sono 'Mine" (Wallace), sung by Mr. Stewart Gardner;

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 15.

CONSOLS.

IN an article which a daily paper published last Friday under the heading "What is Wrong with Consols?" the writer, who signed himself with the very prudent title of "A Financier," laid most of the blame for the fall in the price of the Funds at the door of the present Government. The value of "A Financier's" remarks may be judged inferentially from the fact that in the catalogue of reasons, political and otherwise, adduced for the fall from 114 to 80, no mention is made of the reduction in the rate of interest, or that 114 was a fanciful figure for normal times. Another equally remarkable, and more positive, thing is his grave statement that "the Government itself always has been and always ought to be the principal dealer in Consols." Of course, "A Financier" may be pulling the leg of the newspaper, but if not, he apparently has not the slightest idea of what a dealer is, and falls into the weird mistake of supposing dealer to mean buyer. The two are totally different, of course, because a dealer must be ready to buy and sell, and the Government can only be a seller of Consols in times of war or great national emergency. No, Mr. Financier, the Government never has been and never ought to be the principal dealer in Consols. Moreover, you do not realise that Consols do not yet pay 3 per cent. on the money, allowing for tax, and although our own opinion is that Consols may quite possibly go to 75, even so they will reflect a higher standard of national credit than any other Government security in the world.

OF FOREIGN BONDS.

It is a platitude to say that part of the fall in Consols has been brought about by the competition of foreign Government bonds, and by the complete change in public opinion respecting these last as sound investment securities. The elderly lady of to-day buys Japanese, Argentine, Russian, Cuban, Chinese, and similar bonds without a qualm, whereas twenty years ago her ancestor—and her ancestor's broker—would have held up hands in holy horror had such investments been suggested in the place of Consols. A somewhat extraordinary testimony to the appetite for foreign bonds was furnished the other day, when subscription-lists were closed on the day after they opened for a 5 per cent. Argentine Internal issue at 101, with drawings at par to start next July. Much more attractive, to our mind, is the 4 per cent. Lloyd bond offered not long ago by Brazil, where drawings at 100 begin in rather less than six years, and the whole issue must be repaid in twelve years. The price is about 94. Then Japanese 4½ per cents of either series are cheap at 98 to 98½, for their speedy repayment at 100 is practically certain, so that a small turn can be obtained by way of premium, as well as a safe 4½ per cent. investment. The way in which Salvador Sixes have risen to 89 has surprised people not acquainted with the progress that the country is making, and the excellent nature of this year's coffee crop.

RUBBER CONTRADICTIONS.

Where We Were.—We sat, uninvited but demure, in the auction-room at the last fortnightly sales of rubber. Incidentally, those autocratic auctioneers do rattle off things at a pace! It makes the unsophisticated almost breathless only to listen. What stood out on our side of the rostrum was the apparently eager determination of the buyers to get hold of the stuff, and yet not to let prices go up. The competition was keen, though quiet. There were one or two quite breezy arguments over the lots, but prices were kept low.

Pro.—After the conclusion of the sale at which we had the honour to attend, we were told that certain firms had another, more private, gathering, at which rubber changed hands at advanced prices to those obtained at the auction sale. Unfortunately, we had no means of checking this: were it true, it would certainly be significant.

Con.—A roving friend, just back from the United States, describes how the multitude over there went mad upon motor-cars: mortgaged houses, sold furniture, did anything to raise the money with which to buy motor-cars. The craze, according to him, is dying already, and there are thousands of cars to be had for a song—or songs. If this be so, no wonder the price of rubber seems tired.

Pro.—The Selangor dividend of eighteenpence makes three shillings for the half-year. There will probably be another one-and-six coming three months hence, and then—there ought to be a bumper distribution at the end of the Company's year. Supposing the dividend were made up to seven shillings for the full period and a good sum placed to reserve, Selangors at 67s. 6d., although they are only florin shares, must be cheap, and, with other Companies paying on similar lines, the market would look unduly depressed just now.

Con.—Bears abound in the Rubber Market. Spasmodic rises show the existence of a big short division. But "the bigger the bears, the bigger the falls," says an old Stock Exchange adage, justified by scores of experiences. The Malacca Company is a fine weapon in their hand. On the report, the absence of final dividend, and the meeting, the shares may be worth half their current quotation.

Pro.—Not another market in the Stock Exchange can show an array of Companies whose good shares are likely to pay an investor 8 to 10 per cent. on his money for several years. The fall in the price of the raw material should be compensated by increased production. The further the decline goes, the wider grows the circle of uses to which rubber can be profitably put. Real holders are content to keep their shares for dividends, and the stream of new issues has been effectually checked.

ELECTRICITY SUPPLY SHARES.

This is the season of the year in which illumination shares ought to be brightening up, and the holders of Gas stocks have probably not overlooked the very steady nature of the market in their securities. The steadiness, however, does not extend to shares in the Electricity Companies which supply the Metropolis with current. A clever move by which the Gas Light and Coke Company has ousted the Westminster Electric Supply from part of the latter Company's area in the City of Westminster serves to depress the spirits of those who are usually willing to buy Electric Lighting shares at low levels, and the market has become narrower than ever. The Electric undertakings have certainly replied to the Gas Company's move, and a spirited defence of the London business has been made by a committee formed for the purpose of developing electrical business; but the practical advantage certainly lies with the Gas Company for the time being. An extensive advertising campaign conducted by the London Electrical Supply Companies made a bold effort some few months back to attract the man in the street to use current for all kinds of domestic, as well as simply illuminating, purposes. Whether the time of year was judiciously selected is, perhaps, open to a shade of doubt; but with the evenings closing in so rapidly, another appeal on the same lines might be fraught with better results, and it would certainly seem worth while for the Gas Companies to be re-attacked. There is at least one thing to be said for the Electric Light Companies. They are not so open to labour attacks as the Railways, most Industrials, and even the big Gas concerns.

THE RISE IN TELEGRAPHS.

It was the lively interest excited over the Crippen case that caused Marconi shares to harden up to 17s., because to the genius of the Italian inventor is chiefly due the arrest of the now-famous "Doctor." But the advance in Telegraph stocks and shares as a whole is due to less adventitious aids to the market. The small investor is buying steadily, and his purchases have already created a scarcity of stock, which is the reason why quotations have been put up, with a view to attracting sellers. Not that the sellers have appeared; the dealers admit that there are few shares about, and the public still cry for more. It is not surprising. Eastern Telegraph Ordinary stock receives 7 per cent. dividends, in quarterly instalments, and stands at 135, giving a yield of 5½ per cent. on the money. Eastern Extension shares, of £10 each, fully paid, receive a similar dividend, and are to be bought about 12½, at which figure the return comes to all but 5½ per cent. Western Telegraphs, also in receipt of 7 per cent. dividends, are 14, and rarely fluctuate from this 5 per cent. level. All three Companies have splendid businesses and reserve funds, while intermittent talk of new cables, new routes, and so forth does little to affect the prices in the market. Anglo-American Telegraph Deferred is the gambling counter of this department, but the 6 per cent. Preferred stock at 111, paying 5½ per cent. on the money, must be regarded as a good investment, with an excellent chance of rising to at least 120 upon completion of the negotiations for a working agreement between the Anglo-American and the American Telephone and Telegraph Companies.

RANDFONTEIN ESTATES.

The time grows ripe for buying Randfontein. The last occasion upon which we indicated the shares as a good speculation was when they stood, some couple of months ago, around 2½. Now they are about an eighth higher, and the market looks a good one. Shrewd people are buying the Debentures, which carry 6 per cent. interest, stand at 120, and are convertible into shares at the rate of forty-five of the latter for £100 Debenture. Before very long the huge undertaking now massed under the name of the Randfontein Estates Company will be getting near the stage of payability, and the closer that draws nigh the harder will wax the market for the shares. Sir J. B. Robinson can be trusted to do his utmost to see that this pet child of his, when the proper time arrives, turns out profits on a scale commensurate with the other giants of the Rand; and though we have written against the folly of buying Randfontein at high prices when the concern was little more than a finance company, in its present condition we are inclined to look upon this proposition as likely to justify at all events part of its sponsors' optimism; and this makes us think the shares worth picking up at anything like fifty shillings.

WAIHI GOLD.

Our correspondent "Q" has so often written on this subject that we are glad to present his view of the situation created by the directors' intimation of the slight drop in the value of the ore at the lowest level. The reserves are so enormous that it would be folly for shareholders to throw away their holdings at the present figure,

which to our mind rather presents a good opportunity for averaging the price.

A certain amount of unnecessary alarm appears to have been caused by the recent announcement by the Board of the *Waihi* Company of the intention gradually to reduce the value of the four-weekly output to about £68,000. To those who follow the developments at the mine closely it has been obvious for some time that some such course would be necessary in order to adjust the value of the ore sent to the mill to the somewhat lower value of the ore being developed in the deepest level of the mine. What will be the immediate effect of the proposed reduction on the dividend-paying capacity? The mill runs for about fifty weeks in the year, and the value of the output on the proposed scale will be £850,000 for the year. In 1909 the value of the output was £959,593, a difference of, roughly, £110,000. The gross profit for 1909 was £606,182, and, assuming no further saving in working expenses, this would be reduced to £496,000. Further, there was paid out of profits last year, to income-tax, £38,845; to expenditure on capital account, £36,151; to Hora Hora Hydro Electric Scheme, £40,778; to depreciation on plant and machinery, £36,963; to reserve fund, £10,000; while £446,315 was distributed in dividends, amounting in all to 18s. per share. With regard to future deductions from gross profits, the further expenditure on the Hydro Electric scheme may probably be met from capital, and on the whole it is reasonable to expect the dividends will be maintained at their present level of 4s. quarterly, or 16s. for the year. So far as can be foreseen at present, shareholders have nothing worse to fear than this reduction in their dividend from 18s. to 16s. a share. This dividend would require £396,725, leaving £100,000 annually for depreciation, etc.

As regards the life of the mine, it is no more possible to estimate this now than formerly. Of course, the *Waihi* is a quartz mine, and its future cannot be prognosticated with the certainty of a mine on the Witwatersrand; but although the Martha lode has not proved so rich on the ninth as on the eighth level, it maintains its enormous size, as do the other lodes, and there is no reason whatever to anticipate their not being maintained in depth. As regards this ninth level, it is possible even now that its average value may not fall much below that of the eighth level. The latest information which has reached me is decidedly encouraging. The outstanding feature of the eighth level was the size and value of what was practically a new lode, the Edward lode. This lode has only recently been reached on the ninth level, and only one crosscut has so far been put in. This crosscut is not yet through the reef, but so far has been driven for a width of fifty feet in ore, varying in value from £6 10s. to 17s. 6d. per ton, the average value for fifty feet being £3 11s. 6d. Further details regarding this lode may have been announced before these lines are published; but I need hardly say the above figures are eminently satisfactory.

The *Waihi* Mine has undoubtedly a long life before it, and dividends of about 80 per cent. can probably be maintained, so that shareholders will be unwise to be frightened out of their holdings at anything like current prices. Q.

Sept. 8, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

TINA.—(1) The options must be exercised before April 1914. (2) Par. (3) A pure gamble. Much may happen in the time, but at present the shares are at a discount. We have sold our own options at 2s.

R. L.—We strongly advise you to have nothing to do with the so-called Bank. We believe there will be a smash one of these days, and nothing for anyone. To earn such interest the funds must be employed in risky speculations, and we have heard of several in which losses of large sums have been made.

MUNDI.—We cannot specifically answer your questions as to twenty-eight different stocks; but, speaking generally, we should say, hold tight Nos. 1, 3, and 6. Probably the same applies to 4, 5, 16, 17, 18, 20, 22, 26, and 28. The rest we look upon as gambles, while, as to the Rubber shares included in above, we think the price may probably sag. Great Northern (U.S.) Preferred we think a good, reasonably safe investment, considering the yield. Only the Preferred are dealt in here.

EDMUNDO.—The cause of the difference is that the Simmer Company has £466,000 5½ per cent. First Debentures and £400,000 Second ditto. The service of this debt in interest and redemption will take over £110,000 a year out of profits for many years.

POOR MAN.—See answer to "R. L." The suggested participation in the aviation meetings seems to us too foolish to catch even the most innocent. Have nothing to do with it.

ENQUIRER.—The Company is in liquidation. Write it off as a bad debt.

H. P. B.—You cannot get 6 per cent. without some risk. Mexican Railway 1st Pref. or City of Santos 6 per Cent. bonds would suit.

Rhodesian Mines should be amongst the first to move when the autumn revival starts on the Stock Exchange. The feature of the past few days has been the strength of Mapeki Mines. Of a nominal value of 10s., the shares were placed on the market at 15s. The capital of the Company is £75,000. Seventy claims in the Loagunda district, about fifty miles north of the Eldorado Mine, will be exploited. The property has been encouragingly reported on by Mr. H. Jones, consulting and mining engineer of Salisbury, and there is no doubt it is a paying proposition, and that the shares should soon have a largely enhanced value. Mr. J. W. Broomhead, a director of the Tanganyika Concessions, is on the board, so that the property will not want for expert advice.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Yarmouth, Edward may win the Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap; Braxted, the Great Yarmouth Plate; Summer, the Durham Handicap; and Fanager, the Gorleston Nursery. At Ayr, Double Thrush may win the Caledonian Cup, Tullibardine the Foal Stakes, and Cargill the Ayrshire Handicap. At Manchester, Blue Girl filly may win the Lancaster Nursery, Clonbern the Foal Stakes, and The Story the Prince Edward Handicap. At Hurst Park, Tor Bay should win the Autumn Handicap, Declare the Durham Handicap, Dart II. the Park Nursery, and Rosedrop the Richmond Plate.



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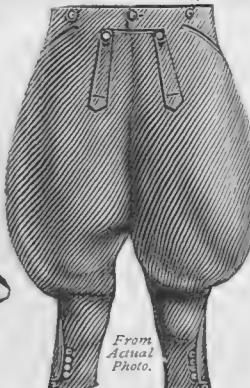
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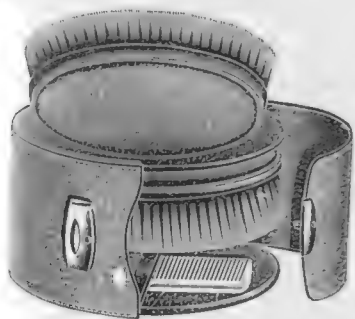
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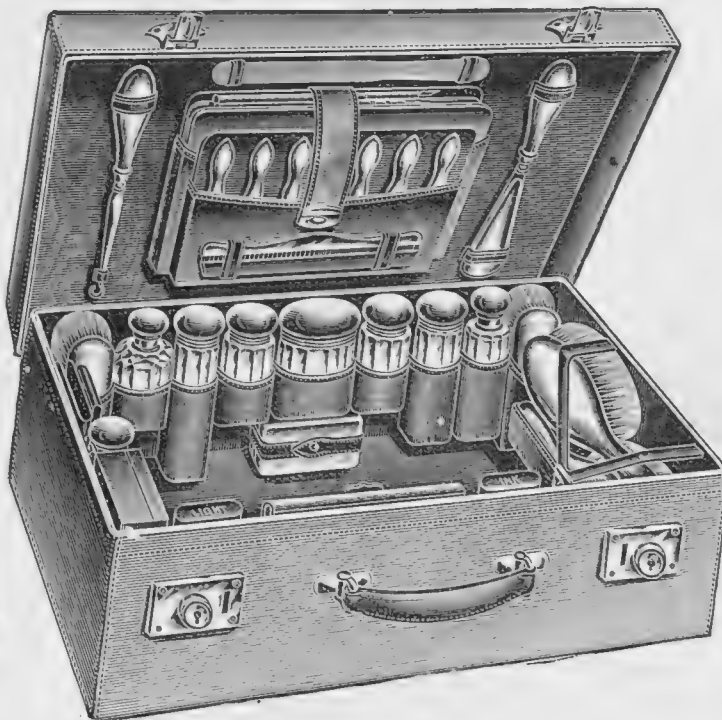


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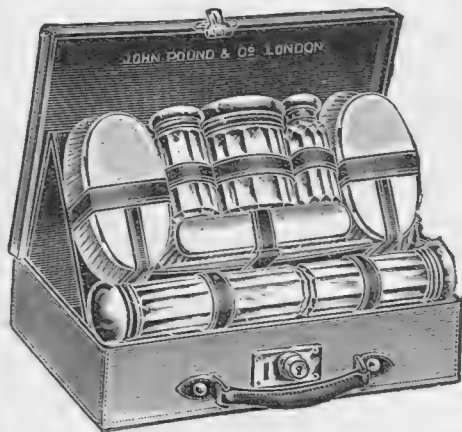
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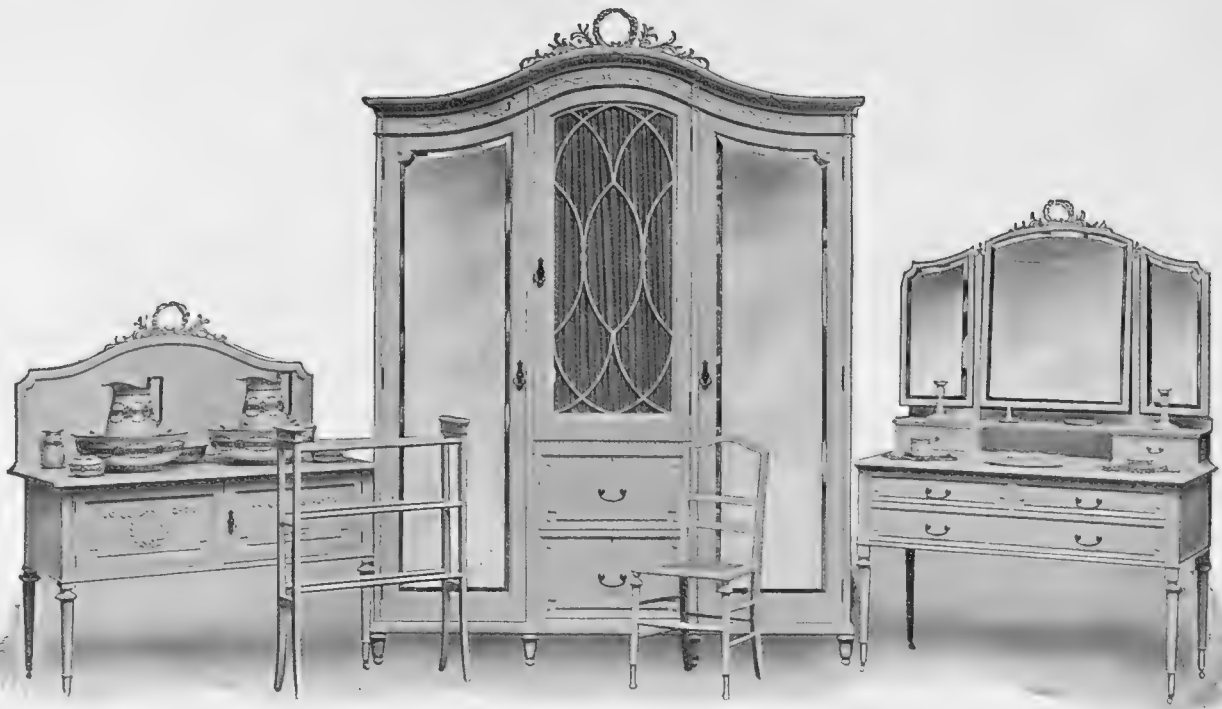
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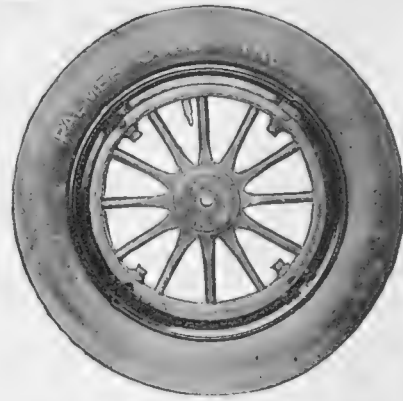
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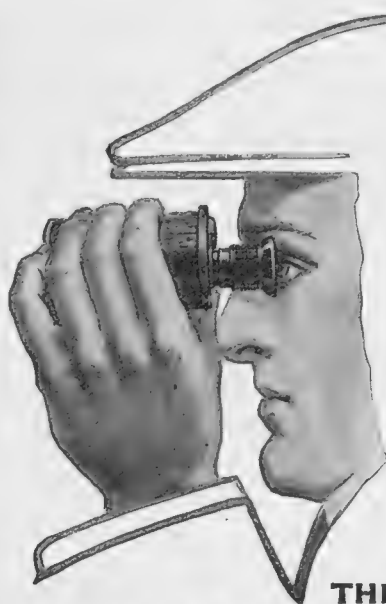
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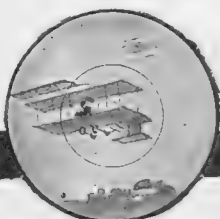
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Instead of moving your old piano to your new home, would it not be better to let us take it away and deliver in its stead a new

LIPP 'BABY' GRAND PIANO

Exceptional in tone and touch. Unequalled in build and workmanship.



The beauty of tone of the LIPP Piano appeals to the cultured player.

Made in all woods and in all designs—the really perfect piano.

FOR
SMALL
ROOMS.



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Food is rendered instantly
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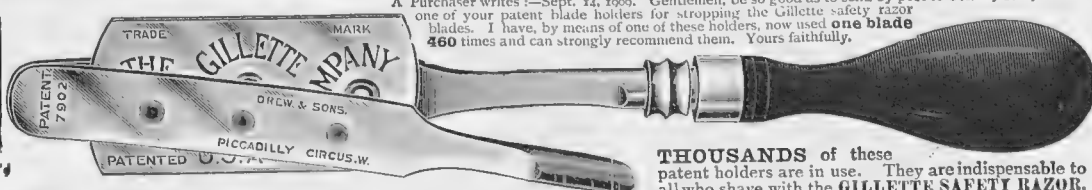
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

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the persecuted motorist which he should spare no pains to wield. Time and trouble should not be grudged to divert all these fees into the coffers of clean counties—that is, counties such as Bedfordshire and others, where the under-handed and un-English police-trap does not obtain, but motorists get some semblance of justice and fair treatment. Such counties as Surrey, Sussex, Hants, Berks, Middlesex, and the area of the London County Council should be rigidly eschewed.

'Ware Unclean Counties! The authorities have at length found themselves equal to the stress of issuing the forms necessary to completing the payments for motor-car licenses under the new Budget; but as many of these forms will be falling into motorists' hands for the first time, issuing in all probability from the car-owner's local authority, I would beg of these to ponder before they rush to the nearest post-office to discharge their liability to the State. The liberty to pay these moneys at any post-office in the United Kingdom puts a weapon of retaliation into the hands of

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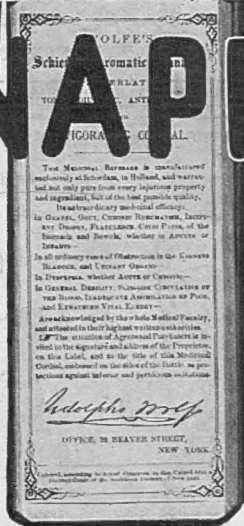
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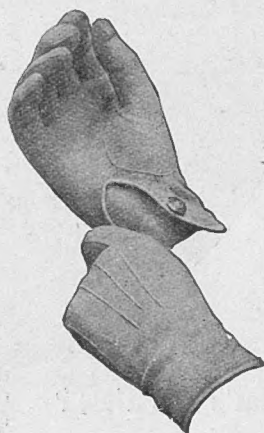
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What applies to old masters in painting applies in scarcely less a degree to old masters in furniture, and is an irrefutable argument in favour of the antique, a crushing retort to those who, through a want of understanding or appreciation of the principles involved, will tell you that furnishing with antiques is but a craze of the moment. History itself confutes them, for "the craze" has been very vigorous ever since the Italian Renaissance revived—and continued the development of—the architecture of old Rome and Greece, and was no less vigorous for centuries before.

Periods of decadence occur at intervals in all arts and crafts, and salvation can only lie in a reversion to old types, of an epoch before the degeneracy set in. Such a decadence took place in furniture at the dawn of the XIX Century; the designs assumed an excessive ornateness and were so over-burdened with colour and gilding that at length they nauseated by their sheer gaudiness. The revolution came—following exaggeration as it ever does—but the swing of the pendulum carried public taste to the other extreme, to the massive, ponderous, and inartistic solidities of the Victorian era. To escape from this, various attempts have been made by designers to found new schools and carry forward the development of furniture upon lines entirely new. In the main these have failed through the affectation that was apparent in them, and we are at length discovering that if we would furnish not only with comfort, but with taste and elegance, it becomes necessary to go back to the XVII and XVIII Century masters, upon whom we have not yet improved, because, instead of developing the art of furniture along the lines which they were following, we cut ourselves adrift from them some generations since.



Of this reversion movement the credit is very largely due to Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher, who were indeed its pioneers, and who remain to this day well in the van, both as dealers in the actual antique—of which they have a magnificent and fairly exhaustive collection—and as unrivalled copyists and adapters of the designs of the old masters. There are certainly no greater authorities than they upon XVII and XVIII Century cabinet-making, and to those who are furnishing in the old styles I can recommend no better guide than that old-established firm, a visit to whose show-rooms (217, 218, Tottenham Court Road) is more educational and instructive than a visit to many a museum of antiquities. Of value as their services must be to all, they are of particular value to those whose ideas of their requirements may happen to be vague and inchoate; for in these show-rooms they will see specimens not only individually, but collectively as well—that is to say, in such groupings as they may occupy in their ultimate homes, groupings that should prove in the highest degree suggestive and instructive to intending purchasers.



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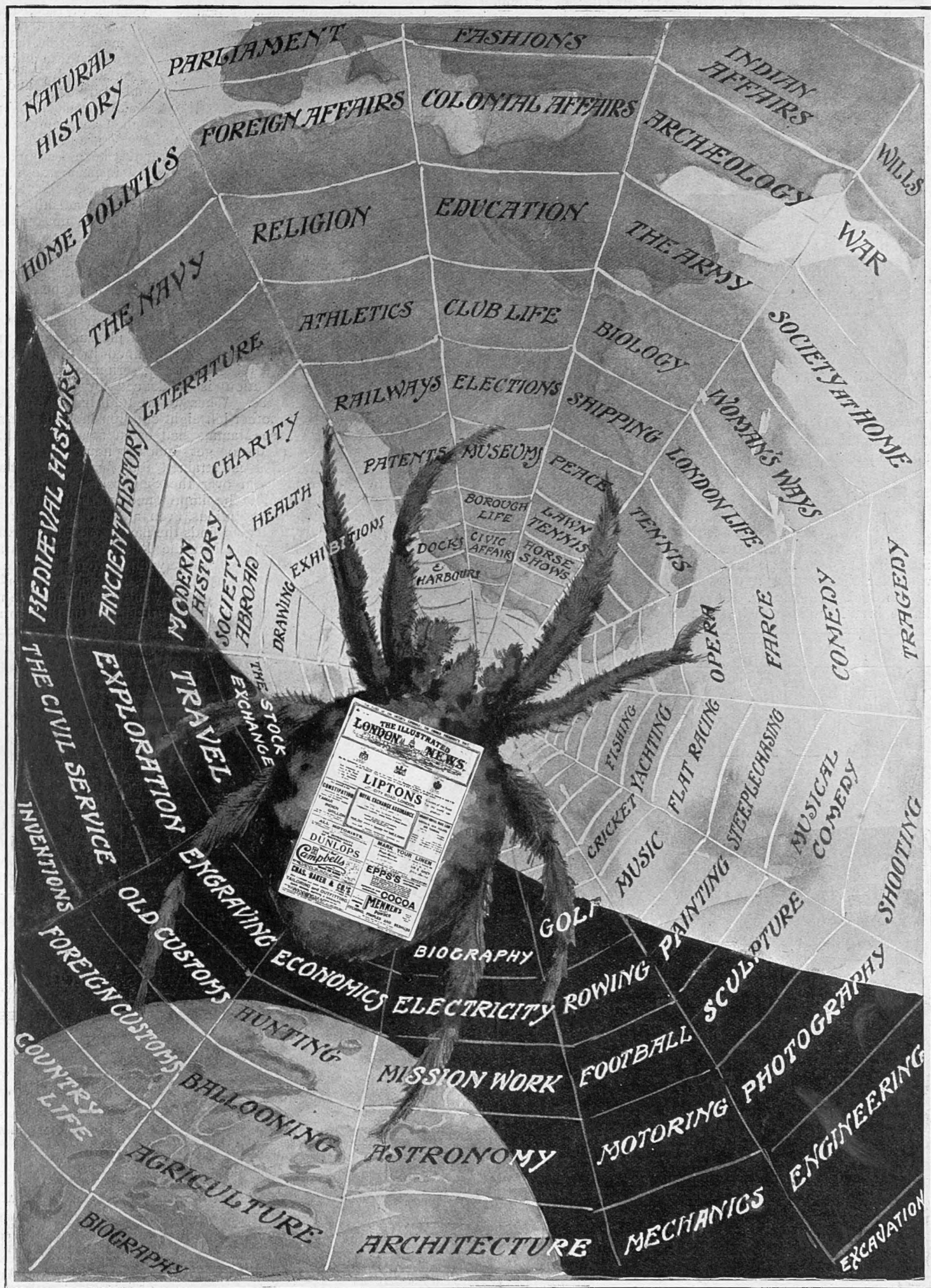
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Jemmy Abercraw."BY BERNARD CAPES.
(Methuen.)

The tale of a glorified highwayman is a familiar theme; so much so that it has become common experience to look to it for drama and sensation, while asking little of it in the finer shades of beauty. But the very opening of "Jemmy Abercraw" contains a moonlight landscape which betrays the literary artist. The moon—"like a great round stone in a stream, with a fleece of waters going over it"—hanging near its full, and the black tree-shadows, from which the frosted foliage emerged in a glory of crystal sprays—these are the observations of a painter; and when Jemmy himself, the graceless rogue, appears across his skewbald on the silvered green the effect is as piquant as finding a coster in a Claude. Nor does the story, a story of adventure and villainy and romance, pulse less warmly beneath its charm of sincere and delicate artistry. Its scope cannot be better suggested than by the note on the cover, doubtless Mr. Capes' own, describing it as "that part of the history of the gentleman of the title-role, a highwayman of humour and distinction, which treats of his connection with a quasi-Jacobite conspiracy in the year 1760, and the uses to which his friends proposed to put him in the matter, and of the gallantry that followed upon his discovery that a very tragic love affair was involved therein." Humours of rascaldom and horrors of the Black Calcutta dungeon lose nothing by good writing; while lovely Kitty Clare becomes adorable in the hands of her author, who brings her from the land where the primrose always flowers and the moon is always at its full, to ride dressed in grey and silver on a white filly between rose-embroidered hedges, that she may save her lover or die with him. The Georgian days, as generous in life as design, gallant with Empire-building and still fragrant with the fading White Rose, hold the story and its rich possibilities together. A real surprise awaits the starest reader, and an extremely pleasant afternoon is assured to anyone who passes it with "Jemmy Abercraw."

"The Mummy Moves."BY MARY GAUNT.
(T. Werner Laurie.)

Unless inspired with a Hilda Wangel thirst for the "frightfully thrilling," it were better to read Mrs. Gaunt's book about the mummy in the most reassuring, not to say commonplace, surroundings. Even so, an attack of the creeps is almost inevitable. Three murders follow each other, with precisely similar details of a ferocious, uncivilised brutality. They exhibit no Jack the Ripper, no hooligan characteristics; they exhale the brutal subtlety of the East in this capital of the West.

A scholarly old man collected curios, not wisely, but too well; he is the first victim, and his mummy, the flower of the collection, is found with blood on her dark-coloured nails. His heir, half suspected by the police, is the next; meanwhile, the mummy in the closed flat has moved, blood being once again her quarry, and when, finally, she is found hanging in a cupboard with her third human sacrifice, Justice in the person of an odd little detective unravels all that can be comprehended of Black by White. Mysteries of race, scarcely hinted horrors of religious savagery, tom-toms and ghastly ceremonies of the steaming African forests, a mummy that demands blood and a knife, sacred, symbolic, and fetish—all these and more invade the bus-driven region of Elgin Avenue and Lauderdale Road. A coloured baker who delivers bread every day, and steals the canaries of his customers in order to make sacrificial offerings to the mummy, is rich in promise. Through a long and patiently detailed story the promise is amply performed; and Mrs. Gaunt puts her reader into such a genuine fright that it becomes impossible to examine her construction critically. One inspects the mantel-piece hurriedly, for clearly antiques are dangerous. But the blue-and-white blossoms of Nankin wear the smile of friendship. So, in collecting, it may be well to remember that beauty is not only truth, but, perhaps, safety.

"My Brother the King."

BY EDWARD H. COOPER.

(The Bodley Head.)

Mr. Cooper wrote one touchingly convincing book about children, and the one now under consideration is concerned with their doings, though little with their personality. It is impossible to take a pleasure-yacht, armed with Maxim guns, manned by Naval Reserve men, and commanded by a Winchester boy, seriously. The fantastic impossibility of the situation is evidenced by the desperate explanation of its existence. When we are told that a responsible, affectionate father and mother left eight children in such a vessel in the Arctic circle, because Mamma had eaten some bad fish, and though recovered, wanted to get quickly home, belief snaps like an elastic band that is strained too far. The monarchy assumed by the boy captain over the Samoyedes at the expense of the Russian officers whom he imprisoned in their own fort, his efforts to found English institutions, even a Board school, are all very entertaining, but the reader finds the flavour of salt uppermost. Consequently he remains calm when the Russian regiment arrives, and the Russian General sentences the young "King" to be shot at the masthead of his yacht. Of course he isn't, though, with wonderful prudence for a schoolboy, he went to bed early the night before in order not to appear pale and frightened in the morning.

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Signature